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J. Hayter.

Perdita

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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE;

ILLUSTRATED:

EMBRACING

A LIFE OF THE POET,

AND

NOTES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOL. III.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.
1850

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CONTENTS.

Page.

WINTER'S TALE..... 3
COMEDY OF ERRORS..... 109
MACBETH..... 171
KING JOHN..... 263
KING RICHARD THE SECOND..... 355
KING HENRY THE FOURTH, PART FIRST..... ... 453

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WINTER'S TALE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

The story of this play is taken from The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia, by Robert Greene, which was first printed in 1588. The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the Poet's own creation; and many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

"A booke entitled A Winter's Night's Pastime," entered at Stationer's Hall, in 1594, but which has not come down to us, may have suggested the title, by which Shakspeare thought the romantic and extraordinary incidents of the play well characterized. He several times, in the course of the last act, makes one of his characters remark its similarity to *an old tale.* Schlegel has observed, that "The Winter's Tale is as appropriately named as the Midsummer Night's Dream. It is one of those tales, which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, which are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, and which, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, invested with the decoration of a poetry lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, ending at last in general joy; and, accordingly, Shakspeare has here taken the greatest liberties with anachronisms and geographical errors: he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Julio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic oracle, not to mention other incongruities."

It is extraordinary that Pope should have thought only some single scenes of this play were from the hand of Shakspeare. It breathes his spirit throughout;—in the serious parts as well as in those of a lighter kind: and who but Shakspeare could have conceived that exquisite pastoral scene in which the loves of Florizel and Perdita are developed?

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It is indeed a pastoral of the golden age, and Perdita "no shepherdess, but Flora,

Peering in April's front,"

and breathing flowers, in the spring-tide of youth and beauty. How gracefully she distributes her emblematic favors! What language accompanies them! Well may Florizel exclaim,

"———— when you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever!"

The reader reëchoes the sentiment of the lover, and is sorry to come to the close. With what modest, unconscious dignity are all her words and actions accompanied! even Polixenes, who looks on her with no favorable eye, says that there is

"———— nothing she does or says
But smacks of something greater than herself."

The shepherds and shepherdesses, with whom she has been brought up, are such as ordinary life affords, and are judicious foils to this delightful couple of lovers.

The arch roguery and mirthful stratagems of Autolycus are very amusing, and his character is admirably sustained. "The jealousy of Leontes (says the judicious Schlegel) is not, like that of Othello, developed with all the causes, symptoms, and gradations; it is brought forward at once, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy. It is a passion which does not produce the catastrophe, but merely ties the knot of the piece." But it has the same intemperate course, is the same soul-goading passion which wrings a noble nature to acts of revengeful cruelty; at which, under happier stars, it would have shuddered, and which are no sooner committed than repented of.

The patient and affecting resignation of the wronged Hermione, under circumstances of the deepest anguish, and the zealous and courageous remonstrances of the faithful Paulina, have the stamp of Shakspeare upon them. Indeed I know not what parts of this drama could be attributed to any even of the most skilful of his contemporaries. It was perhaps the discrepancies of the plot, (which, in fact, almost divides it into two plays with an interval of sixteen years between,) and the anachronisms, which made Dryden* and Pope overlook the beauties of execution in this enchanting play.

* Dryden, in the Essay at the end of the second part of the Conquest of Granada, speaking of the plays of Shakspeare and Fletcher, says:—"Witness the lameness of their plots; many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous, incoherent story, which in one play many

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Malone places the composition of The Winter's Tale in 1611, because it was first licensed for representation by Sir George Bucke, Master of the Revels, who did not assume the functions of his office until August, 1610. The mention of the "*Puritan* singing psalms to hornpipes" also points at this period, as does another passage, which is supposed to be a compliment to James on his escape from the Gowrie Conspiracy. These are conjectures, but probable ones. Malone had in former instances placed the date much earlier; first in 1594, and then in 1602. The supposition that Ben Jonson intended a sneer at this play in his Induction to Bartholomew Fair, has been satisfactorily answered by Mr. Gifford.*

Horace Walpole, in his Historic Doubts, attempts to show that The Winter's Tale was intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn; but the ground for his conjecture is so slight as scarcely to deserve attention. Indeed it may be answered, that the plot of the play is not the invention of Shakspeare, who therefore cannot be charged with this piece of flattery: if it was intended, it must be attributed to Greene, whose novel was published in 1588. I think, with Mr. Boswell, that these supposed allusions by Shakspeare to the history of his own time, are very much to be doubted.

times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name Pericles, nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as, *The Winter's Tale*, Love's Labor's Lost, Measure for Measure, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious parts your concernment." Pope, in his Preface to Shakspeare, almost reëchoes this:—"I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly Love's Labor's Lost, *The Winter's Tale*, Comedy of Errors, and Titus Andronicus, that only some characters or single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, are from the hand of Shakspeare."

* Works of Ben Jonson, vol. iv. p. 371.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Mamillius, *his Son.*
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian Lord.
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant *on the young Prince* Mamillius.
Officers *of a Court of Judicature.*
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Florizel, *his Son.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Jailer.
An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of* Perdita.
Clown, *his Son.*
Servant *to the old Shepherd.*
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, *as Chorus.*

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady*, Two other Ladies, } *attending the Queen.*
Mopsa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants; Satyrs *for a Dance*; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, *&c.*

SCENE, *sometimes in* Sicilia, *sometimes in* Bohemia.

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WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,———

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.——We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an

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affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed,[1] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;[2] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,[3] makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden. Time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;

1 "Royally attorneyed." Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.
2 i. e. over a wide, intervening space.
3 "Physics the subject." Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.

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And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.
Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: that[1] may blow
No sneaping[2] winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly![3] Besides, I have staid
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One sevennight longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between 's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me; so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble. To save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction

[1] *That* for *Oh that!* is not uncommon in old writers.
[2] *Sneaping*, nipping.
[3] i. e. to make me say, I had too good reason for my fears concerning what may happen in my absence from home.

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The by-gone day proclaimed; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To* POL.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let[1] him there a month, behind the gest[1]
Prefixed for his parting; yet, good deed,[2] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest: so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? By your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your jailer, then,

[1] To *let* had for its synonymes to *stay* or *stop;* to *let him* there, is to stay him there. *Gests* were scrolls in which were marked the stages or places of rest in a progress or journey, especially a royal one.

[2] i. e. *in*deed, in very deed, in troth. *Good deed* is used in the same sense by the earl of Surrey, sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

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But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill doing, nor dreamed
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered Heaven
Boldly, *Not Guilty;* the imposition cleared,[1]
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripped since.
Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us; for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot![2]
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinned with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipped not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

[1] i. e. setting aside the original sin, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence.
[2] "Grace to boot;" an exclamation equivalent to *give us grace.*

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Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? When was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things; one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal.—
My last good was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose. When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had soured themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap[1] thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours forever.
Her. It is grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice.
The one forever earned a royal husband;
The other, for some while, a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.
Leon. Too hot, too hot. [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me;—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,[2]
And well become the agent. It may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,

[1] At entering into any contract, or plighting of troth, this clapping of hands together set the seal. Numerous instances of allusion to the custom have been adduced by the editors; one shall suffice, from the old play of Ram Alley: "Come, *clap hands*, a match." The custom is not yet disused in common life.

[2] —— "from bounty, fertile bosom." Malone thinks that a letter has been omitted, and that we should read—

"—— from bounty's fertile bosom."

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As now they are; and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer;[1] O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock.[2] What, hast smutched thy nose?—
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat! not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all called neat.—Still virginalling[3]
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,[4]
To be full[5] like me: yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing. But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[6] as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wished, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin[7] eye. Sweet villain!

1 i. e. *the death of the deer.* The *mort* was also certain notes played on the horn at the death of the deer.

2 "*Bawcock.*" A burlesque word of endearment supposed to be derived from *beau-coq*, or boy-cock. It occurs again in Twelfth Night, and in King Henry V., and in both places is coupled with chuck or chick. It is said that *bra'cock* is still used in Scotland.

3 Still playing with her fingers as a girl playing on the virginals. Virginals were stringed instruments played with keys like a spinnet, which they resembled in all respects but in shape, spinnets being nearly triangular, and virginals of an oblong square shape like a small piano-forte.

4 Thou wantest a rough *head*, and the budding horns that I have. A *pash* in some places denoting a young bull calf whose horns are springing; a *mad pash*, a mad-brained boy.

5 i. e. entirely.

6 i. e. old, faded stuffs, of other colors, dyed black.

7 *Welkin* is *blue*; i. e. the color of the welkin or sky.

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Most dearest! my collop![1]—can thy dam?—May't
be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre;[2]
Thou dost make possible, things not so held;
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent,[3]
Thou mayst conjoin with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission, and I find it;)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord?
What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you moved, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreeched,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[4] this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[5]
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

[1] In King Henry VI. Part I. we have—
"God knows thou art a *collop* of my flesh."

[2] *Affection* here means imagination. *Intention* is earnest consideration, eager attention. It is this vehemence of mind which affects Leontes, by making him conjure up unreal causes of disquiet; and thus, in the Poet's language, "stabs *him* to the centre."

[3] *Credent*, credible.

[4] i. e. an immature pea-pod.

[5] "Will you take eggs for money?" A proverbial phrase for "Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or imposed upon?"

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Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![1]—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now, my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent[2] to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden. Shall's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky;—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aside. Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
How she holds up the neb,[3] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked one.[4]——
[*Exeunt* POL., HER., *and* Attendants.
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamor
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have been,

[1] i. e. may happiness be his *portion!*
[2] Heir apparent, next claimant.
[3] i. e. mouth.
[4] i. e. a *horned* one.

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Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in his absence,
And his pond fished by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbor. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates opened,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius: thou'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.[1]

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.[2]

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already:[3] whispering, rounding,[4]
Sicilia is a so-forth.[5] 'Tis far gone,

[1] "It still came home," a nautical term, meaning, "the anchor would not take hold."

[2] The more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away.

[3] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers.

[4] To *round* in the ear was to tell secretly, to whisper.

[5] *A so-forth*, a phrase apparently employed to avoid the utterance of an opprobrious one. *So, so*, is sometimes used in a similar manner.

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When I shall gust[1] it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks.—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? By some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes,[2]
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?——Satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priestlike, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reformed; but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't: Thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes[3] honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game played home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

[1] i. e. taste it:—"ille domus sciet ultimus."..... *Juv. Sat.* x.
[2] *Messes* is here put for *degrees, conditions.*
[3] To *hox* is to hamstring: the proper word is to *hough.*

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Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I played the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance,[1] 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage. If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute,) or thought,—(for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think,)[2]—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before a troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,

[1] This is expressed obscurely, but seems to mean "the execution of which (*when done*) cried out against the non-performance *of it before.*"

[2] Leontes means to say, "Have you not thought that my wife is slippery? (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery.*") The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it.

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You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) Horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? And all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[1] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.[2]
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like his medal,[3] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia. Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that

[1] The *pin and web* is the *cataract* in an early stage.
[2] i. e. one hour.
[3] The old copy reads, "*her* medal."

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Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have benched, and reared to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,[1]
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash[2] potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously[2] like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee,——

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot![3]
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?[4]
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[5]

Cam. I must believe you, sir.
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided, that when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;

[1] "Bespice a cup." So in Chapman's Translation of the tenth book of the Odyssey:—

"——— with a festival
She'll first receive thee; but will *spice* thy bread
With flowery *poisons*."

[2] *Rash* is *hasty;* as in King Henry IV. Part II. "*rash* gunpowder." *Maliciously* is *malignantly,* with effects *openly hurtful.*

[3] Make that, i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is a clear point, a subject of doubt, and go rot! Dost think I am such a fool as to torment myself, and bring disgrace on me and my child, without sufficient grounds?

[4] Something is necessary to complete the verse. Hanmer reads:—

"Is goads *and* thorns, nettles *and* tails of wasps."

[5] To blench is to *start off,* to shrink.

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Even for your son's sake; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splittest thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miserable lady—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourished after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! Methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i'the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.

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Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself. Even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! Dare not? Do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus altered with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but killed none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,[1]—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be informed, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answered.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honor does acknowledge,—whereof the least

[1] *Success*, for *succession*. *Gentle*, well born, was opposed to *simple*.

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Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charged in honor, and by him
That I think honorable. Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.[1]
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice[2] you to't,—that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best![3]
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunned,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over[4]
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,

[1] "I am appointed *him* to murder you;" I am the person appointed to murder you.
[2] i. e. to screw or move you to it. A *vice*, in Shakspeare's time, meant any kind of winding screw. The *vice* of a clock was a common expression.
[3] That is, Judas.
[4] "Swear his thought over." The meaning apparently is, "*Over-swear* his thought by," &c.

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As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith,[1] and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawned,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have uttered truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine.[2] My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonored by a man which ever
Professed to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

[1] "Is piled upon his faith;" this folly which is erected on the foundation of settled *belief*.
[2] i. e. I will *place* thee in elevated rank, always near to my own in dignity, or near my person.

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Of his ill-ta'en suspicion![1] Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learned it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What color are your eyebrows?

[1] Johnson might well say, "I can make nothing of the following words:

'———— and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.'"

He suspected the line which connected them to the rest to have been lost.

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1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock; I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye;
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down.—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blessed am I
In my just censure![1] in my true opinion!—

[1] i. e. judgment.

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Alack, for lesser knowledge![1] How accursed,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider[2] steeped, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorred ingredient to his eye; make known,
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts.[3]—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted.—That false villain,
Whom I employed, was pre-employed by him:
He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinched thing;[4] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevailed than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.——
Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him.
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him;—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about

1 That is, O that my knowledge were less!
2 Spiders were esteemed poisonous in our author's time.
3 *Hefts*, heavings.
4 i. e. "a thing *pinched* out of clouts; a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please."

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To say, *She is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honorable.
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha: these petty brands,
That calumny doth use;—O, I am out;
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself;—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest. But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'ress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish villain in the world,
He were as much more villain. You, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adult'ress; I have said with whom;
More, she's a traitor! and Camillo is
A federary[1] with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But[2] with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published me? Gentle my lord,

[1] *Federary*, confederate, accomplice.

[2] One that knows what she should be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it was shared *but with* her paramour. It is the use of *but* for *be-out* (*only*, according to Malone) that obscures the sense.

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You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.
Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.[1] Away with her to prison.
He who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.[2]
Her. There's some ill planet reigns.
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be performed!
Leon. Shall I be heard?
[*To the* Guards.
Her. Who is't that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out. This action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wished to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.——My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 i. e. no foundation can be trusted.
2 He who shall speak for her, is remotely guilty in merely speaking.

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1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of Heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables[1] where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
Leon. Hold your peaces.
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abused, and by some putter-on,
That will be damned for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn[2] him. Be she honor-flawed,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honor,
I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations; they are coheirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.[3]
Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;

[1] This passage may be explained thus:—"If she prove false, I'll make my stables or kennel of my wife's chamber; I'll go in couples with her like a dog, and never leave her for a moment; trust her no further than I can feel and see her."

[2] "I would land-damn him." Johnson interprets this:—"I will *damn* or condemn him to quit the land."

[3] I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, Antigonus, *now* feel my doing this *to you*, and *as you now see* the instruments that feel, i. e. *my fingers* Leontes must here be supposed to touch or lay hold of Antigonus.

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There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honor true, than your suspicion;
Be blamed for't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which,—if you (or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish as[1] truth, like us; inform yourselves.
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touched conjecture,
That lacked sight only, nought for approbation,[2]
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatched in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuffed sufficiency.[3] Now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel, had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

1 The old copy reads *a* truth. Rowe made the correction.
2 i. e. proof.
3 i. e. of abilities more than sufficient.

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Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confined;
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
Keeper. For a worthy lady,
And one whom I much honor.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from
The access of gentle visitors!——Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Keep. So please you, madam, to put

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Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* Attend.
Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes coloring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights and griefs
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, delivered.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live. The queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be sworn.
These dangerous, unsafe lunes[1] o' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouthed, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-looked anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

1 *Lunes.* This word has not been found in any other English writer; but it is used in old French for *frenzy, lunacy, folly.* A similar expression occurs in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1608.

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Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammered of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen. Please you, come something nearer.
Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir.
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchised: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Keep. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear; upon
Mine honor, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,

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She, the adult'ress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level[1] of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me. Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.——Who's there?
1 *Attend.* My lord!
[*Advancing.*
Leon. How does the boy?
1 *Attend.* He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply;
Fastened and fixed the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished.—Leave me solely;[2]—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,
Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow.
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a* Child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious, innocent soul;
More free,[3] than he is jealous.

[1] *Blank* and *level* mean *mark* and *aim*, or *direction*. They are terms of gunnery.
[2] i. e. leave me *alone*.
[3] *Free*, i. e. as here used, *pure*, *chaste*.

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Ant. That's enough.
1 *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho!
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How?——
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charged thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can. In this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honor,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess [1]
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,[2]
Than such as most seem yours;—I say, I come
From your good queen.

[1] The old copy has *professes.*
[2] "In *comforting* your *evils.*" To *comfort*, in old language, is *to aid, to encourage. Evils* here mean *wicked courses.*

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Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst[1] about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on my own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen—
For she is good—hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the* Child.
Leon. Out!
A mankind[2] witch! Hence with her, out o' door!
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so.
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou dotard [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tired,[3] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.[4]
Paul. Forever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced[5] baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.

[1] i. e. the *weakest*, or *least warlike*.
[2] "A *mankind* witch." In Junius's Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *Virago* is interpreted "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." Johnson asserts that the phrase is still used in the midland counties for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous.
[3] i. e. hen-pecked. To *tire* in falconry is to *tear* with the beak. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story of Renard the Fox.
[4] A *crone* was originally a toothless *old ewe;* and thence became a term of contempt for an *old woman.*
[5] *Forced* is false; uttered with violence to truth. *Baseness* for *bastardy;* we still say *base born.*

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Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compelled to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,[1]
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow[2] in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel,[3] thou art worthy to be hanged,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

[1] A *callat* is a *trull.*
[2] "No *yellow,*" the color of jealousy.
[3] *Lozel,* a worthless fellow; one lost to all goodness—from the Saxon *losian,* to perish, to be lost. *Lorel, losel, losliche,* are all of the same family.

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Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll have thee burned.
Paul. I care not.
It is a heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something savors
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours; Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so.—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? Away with't!—Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word, 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir.
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

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1 *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly served you; and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows;—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live.
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray,[1]—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose. At least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it

[1] Leontes must mean the beard of Antigonus, which he may be supposed to touch. He himself tells us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreeched; of course his age must be under thirty, and his own beard would hardly be gray.

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To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,[1]
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe.
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,[2]
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss![3] [*Exit, with the* Child.

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Attend.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent. 'Tis good speed; foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

1 i. e. *commit* it to some place as a stranger. To *commend* is to *commit*, according to the old dictionaries.
2 i. e. the favor of Heaven.
3 i. e. to exposure, or to be lost or dropped.

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street in some Town.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle;[1] the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report—
For most it caught me—the celestial habits
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business. When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine sealed up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.——Go,—fresh horses!—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

[1] Warburton has remarked that the temple of Apollo was at *Delphi*, which was not an island. But Shakspeare little regarded geographical accuracy. He followed Green's Dorastus and Fawnia, in which it is called the *isle* of Delphos. There was a temple of Apollo in the isle of *Delos*

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SCENE II. *The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much beloved.—Let us be cleared
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.——
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies, *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our sovereign lord and king, thy royal husband; the pretence*[1] *whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make

[1] i. e. the *design.* Shakspeare often uses the word for *design* or *intention.*

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False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And played to take spectators. For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe [1]
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince—here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honor, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honor,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained, to appear thus: [2] if one jot beyond
The bound of honor; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.[3]

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not

[1] Own, possess.

[2] *Encounter so uncurrent* is *unallowed* or *unlawful meeting.—Strained* means *swerved* or gone astray from the line of duty. The explanations of this passage are not very satisfactory. It appears to be designed as a question.

[3] It is to be observed that originally, in our language, two negatives did not *affirm*, but only strengthen the negation. In this passage, Johnson observes that, according to the present use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*.

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At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accused,) I do confess
I loved him, as in honor he required;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dished
For me to try how. All I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not.
My life stands in the level[1] of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamed it.—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact[2] are so,) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug,[3] which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity.

1 See note 1, p. 35. To stand within the *level* of a gun is to stand in a direct line with its mouth, and in danger of being hurt by its discharge. This expression often occurs in Shakspeare.

2 i. e. they who have done like you.

3 Bugbear.

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The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starred most unluckily,[1] is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion.—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit.[2] Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not.——No! life,
I prize it not a straw;—but for mine honor,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemned
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigor, and not law.—Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father.
O that he were alive, and here, beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness[3] of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

[1] "Starred most unluckily;" ill-starred, born under an inauspicious planet.

[2] *Strength of limit*, i. e. the degree of strength which it is customary to acquire before women are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

[3] The *completeness* of my misery.

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Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] Hermione *is chaste*, Polixenes *blameless*, Camillo *a true subject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*[1]

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O, sir, I shall be hated to report it;
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,[2] is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*
How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

[1] This is almost literally from Greene's novel.

[2] i. e. of the event of the queen's trial. We still say, he *sped* well or ill.

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Leon. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover.—
I have too much believed mine own suspicion.—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and* Ladies, *with* HERM
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And filled with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasped my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain[1] hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? What old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny

[1] *Certain* is not in the first folio; it was supplied by the editor of the second.

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Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo's honor,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire,[1] ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemished his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer. But the last, O lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—The queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropped down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

[1] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity, ere he would have perpetrated such an action

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Leon. Go on, go on.
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have showed too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touched
To the noble heart.—What's gone and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punished, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son;
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the* Child; *and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect,[1] then, our ship hath touched upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time; the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land; 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe.——
I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of the dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So filled, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bowed before me;
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,

[1] i. e. well assured.

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Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia:
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost forever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee call't; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina *more:* and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffered death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the* Child.
There lie; and there thy character:[1] there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.——The storm begins.—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoined to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor![2]—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chase;
I am gone forever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

[1] i. e. *description.* The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.
[2] "A savage clamor." This clamor was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *This is the chase,* i. e. the *animal pursued.*

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Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!——Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy.[1] Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the* Child.] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work. They were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! But that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the

[1] This is from the novel. It is there said to be "*sea ivie*, on which they do greatly feed."

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ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone! how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship,—To see how the sea flap-dragoned[1] it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[2] for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies: this is some changeling.—Open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made[3] old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! All gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next[4] way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing

[1] i. e. *swallowed it*, as our ancient topers swallowed flap-dragons.
[2] A *bearing-cloth* is the mantle of fine cloth, in which a child was carried to be baptized.
[3] The old copies read *mad*. The emendation is Theobald's.
[4] i. e. nearest.

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but secrecy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[1] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I: and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error.—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale

[1] *Curst* here signifies *mischievous.*

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Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,[1]
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace of* Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate. 'Tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better

[1] i. e. approve.

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not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted,[1] he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle[2] that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy

1 *Missingly noted*, observed at intervals.
2 *Angle* is here used for bait, or line and hook.

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to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!— We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Road near the* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS,[1] *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,———
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[2]
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging[3] *tooth on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,[4]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[5] but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

[1] Autolycus was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father.

[2] i. e. "the red, the *spring* blood now *reigns over* the *parts* lately under the *dominion of winter.*" A *pale* was a division, a place set apart from another, as the English *pale*, the *pale* of the church. The words *pale* and *red* were used for the sake of the antithesis. The *glow* of spring reigns over the *paleness* of winter.

[3] A *puggard* was a cant name for some kind of thief.

[4] *Aunt* was a cant word for a *bawd* or *trull.*

[5] i. e. rich velvet, so called.

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If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.[1] My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With dye, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat.[2] Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. —A prize! A prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see;—Every 'leven wether—tods;[3] every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.[4]—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice* ——what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man songmen[5] all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means[6] and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to

1 Autolycus means that his practice was *to steal* sheets; leaving the smaller linen to be carried away by the kites, who will sometimes carry it off to line their nests.

2 The *silly cheat* is one of the slang terms belonging to *cony-catching* or *thievery*. It is supposed to have meant *picking of pockets*.

3 Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20 or 22*s*. in 1581.

4 *Counters* were circular pieces of base metal, anciently used by the illiterate to adjust their reckonings.

5 i. e. singers of catches in three parts.

6 *Means* are *tenors*.

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color the warden pies;[1] *mace,—dates,*—none; that's out of my note; *nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger;* but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.*

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I'the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand; I'll help thee! come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

[1] *Wardens* are a large sort of pear, called in French *Poires de Garde*, because, being a late, hard pear, they may be kept very long. It is said that their name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wearden*, to preserve. They are now called *baking-pears*, and are generally colored with *cochineal* instead of *saffron*, as of old.

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Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.[1]

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my dames.[2] I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court. They cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[3]

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion[4] of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig,[5] for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

1 Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says—"The king hath *killed his heart.*"

2 "*Trol-my dames.*" The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the board through which the balls are to be rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove-house.

3 "*Abide,*" only sojourn, or dwell for a time.

4 "He compassed a motion," &c.; he obtained a puppet-show, &c.

5 *Prig*, another cant phrase for the order of thieves.

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Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir! no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,[1] and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent[2] *the stile-a:*
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them. Your high self,
The gracious mark[3] o'the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor, lowly maid,
Most goddesslike pranked up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders

[1] i. e. dismissed from the society of rogues.

[2] *To hent* the stile is to *take* the stile. It comes from the Saxon *hentan.*

[3] *The gracious mark of the land* is *the object of all men's notice and expectation.*

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Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference[1] forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellowed; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor, humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honor; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, dear[2] sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced[3] thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,

1 Meaning the *difference* between his rank and hers.
2 *Dear* is wanting in the oldest copy.
3 i. e. far-fetched, not arising from present objects.

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Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.
Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised;* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fie, daughter! When my old wife lived, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labor; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. Welcome, sir! [*To* POL.
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostesship o' the day.—You're welcome, sir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep

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Seeming, and savor,[1] all the winter long.
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streaked gilliflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards. Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art,[2] which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore

[1] i. e. appearance and smell. *Rue*, being used in exorcisms, was called *herb of grace*, and *rosemary* was supposed to strengthen the *memory*; it is prescribed for that purpose in the ancient herbals. Ophelia distributes the same plants with the same attributes.

[2] The allusion is to the common practice of producing, by art, particular varieties of colors on flowers, especially on carnations.

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Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping;[1] these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours; and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried,[2] ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.

[1] "Some call it *sponsus solis*, the spowse of the sunne, because it sleeps and is awakened with him."—*Lupton's Notable Things*, book vi.

[2] Perhaps the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from the subjoined verses in the original edition of Milton's Lycidas, which he subsequently omitted, and altered the epithet *unwedded* to *forsaken* in the preceding line.

"Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
Coloring the pale cheek of unenjoyed love."

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Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals. Sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wooed me the false way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear,[1] as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But come, our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita. So turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll swear for 'em.[2]
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green sward; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

[1] i. e. you as little *know* how to fear that I am false, as, &c.
[2] This is a common phrase of acquiescence, like "I'll *warrant* you."

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Mop. Now in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.[1]—
Come, strike up. [*Music.*

Here a dance of Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth.[2] He says he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.[3]
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O, master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves;[4] he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without

[1] i. e. we are now on our good behavior. [2] Truth.
[3] That is, *dexterously, nimbly.*
[4] The trade of a milliner was formerly carried on by men exclusively.

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bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings;*[1] *jump her and thump her;* and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*[2]

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[3]

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colors i' the rainbow; points,[4] more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,[5] caddisses,[6] cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand,[7] and the work about the square on't.[8]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;

1 "With a hie *dildo* dill, and a *dildo* dee," is the burden of an old ballad or two. *Fading* is also another burden to a ballad found in Shirley's Bird in a Cage; and perhaps to others.
2 This was also the burden of an old ballad.
3 i. e. *undamaged wares*, true and good.
4 *Points*, upon which lies the quibble, were laces with tags.
5 A kind of tape.
6 A kind of ferret or worsted lace.
7 *Sleeve-hand*, the cuffs, or wristband.
8 The work about the bosom of it.

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Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,[1]
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets[2] where they should bear their faces? Is there not a milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[3] to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well, they are whispering. Clamor your tongues,[4] and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,[5] and a pair of sweet gloves.[6]

[1] A stick of metal or wood, used by the laundress in plaiting ruffles.

[2] i. e. stomacher.

[3] The kiln-hole generally means the fireplace for drying malt; still a noted gossiping place.

[4] An expression taken from bell-ringing; now contracted to *clam.* The bells are said to be *clammed*, when, after a course of rounds or changes, they are all pulled off at once, and give a general clash or clam, by which the peal is concluded. As this *clam* is succeeded by a silence, it exactly suits the sense of the passage.

[5] A *tawdry lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches.

[6] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are often mentioned by Shakspeare; they were very much esteemed, and a frequent present in the Poet's time.

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Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives, that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by. And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man.* There's

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scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. *O whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*
M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;*
D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me.*
Then, whither go'st? Say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentleman are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter[1] *all men's ware-a.*

[*Exeunt* Clown, Aut., Dorc., *and* Mopsa.

[1] A sale or *utterance* of ware.

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Enter a Servant.

Serv Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers;[1] and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[2]

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—[3]
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransacked
The pedler's silken treasury, and have poured it

1 Satyrs. 2 Foot rule (*esquierre*, Fr.)
3 This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

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To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted[1] with him: if your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited[2]
For a reply; at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not delivered.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow,
That's bolted[3] by the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out.—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbor too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offered.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak

[1] Bought, trafficked. [2] *Straitened*, put to difficulties. [3] i. e. *sifted.*

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So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands; a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have. But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?[1]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

[1] i. e. "converse about his own affairs."

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Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contrâct.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou, old traitor,
I am sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;
Far[1] than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,

[1] *Far*, in the old spelling *farre*, i. e. *farther*. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*.

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Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop[1] his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[*To* FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.[2]—O, cursed wretch,
[*To* PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard! delayed,
But nothing altered! What I was, I am;

1 The old copy reads *hope.*

2 Before the reform of the burial service, by Edward VI., it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

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More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper. At this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[1] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honored friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune

[1] *Fancy* here means *love*, as in other places already pointed out.

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Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver.—I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our [1] need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by-and-by. [*To* CAMILLO.

Cam. He's irremovable;
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honor;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved. It is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honor
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

1 "*Our* need." The old copy reads *her*. The emendation is Theobald's.

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As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens forefend! your ruin,) marry her,
And (with my best endeavors, in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet.
But as the unthought-on accident[1] is guilty
To[2] what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me.
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the[3] son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

[1] This *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.
[2] *Guilty to*, though it sound harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakspeare.
[3] The old copy reads, "thee *there* son." The correction was made in the third folio.

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Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,[1]
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this.
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores; most certain,
To miseries enough; no hope to help you;
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true.
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in[2] the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of birth.
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

1 The council-days were called *sittings*, in Shakspeare's time.
2 To *take in*, is *to conquer, to get the better of.*

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.——
But, O the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnished like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia——
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! And trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[1] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears. You might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son,

[1] *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist. The name is derived from *pomme d'ambre.*

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and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes——

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why, hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee. Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir;—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch. The gentleman is half flayed[1] already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it. [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

[1] Stripped.

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Come home to you!—You must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat.—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king
[*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the seaside.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.
[*Exeunt* FLO., PER., *and* CAM.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint

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the king withal, I would not do't. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how[1] much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance.—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[2] [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? Whither are you bound?

[1] We should probably read, "by I know *not* how much an ounce."

[2] Thus in the Comedy of Errors:—"Why is time such a niggard of his hair, being as it is so plentiful an *excrement*?"

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Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel,[1] the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[2] breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[3]

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.[4]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?[5] Receives not thy nose, court-odor from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toze[6] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.[7]

[1] *Fardel* is a *bundle*, a *pack* or *burden*; "a pack that a man doth bear with him in the way," says *Baret.*

[2] i. e. estate, property.

[3] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie.

[4] That is, *in the fact.* Vide Love's Labor's Lost, Act i. Sc. 1.

[5] The *measure*, the stately tread of courtiers.

[6] To *toze* is to pluck or draw out; as *to toze* or teize wool, *carpere lanam.* See the old dictionaries.

[7] Malone says, "Perhaps in the first of these speeches we should read, *a present*, which the old shepherd mistakes for a *pheasant.*

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Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself. For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane[1] to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

[1] *Germane*, related.

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Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,[1] shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest, plain men) what you have to the king; being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember! stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son,—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort. We must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.

[1] The hottest day foretold in the almanac.

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Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saintlike sorrow; no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeemed; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,

Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil:
With them, forgive yourself.
Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paul. True, too true, my lord.
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you killed,
Would be unparalleled.
Leon. I think so. Killed!
She I killed! I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady.
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?[1]
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods

[1] i. e. at rest, dead.

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Will have fulfilled their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor,—O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—Then, even now,
I might have looked upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,——

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore no wife. One worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vexed,
Begin, *And why to me?*[1]

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense[2] me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walked, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't

[1] The old copy reads, "And begin, *Why to me?*" The transposition of *and* was made by Steevens.

[2] *Incense*, to *instigate* or *stimulate*, was the ancient sense of this word: it is rendered in the Latin dictionaries by *dare stimulo*.

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You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift[1] to hear me; and the words that followed
Should be, *Remember mine.*
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blessed my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.
Paul. Unless another
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront[2] his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walked your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? He comes not

[1] i. e. split.
[2] i. e. meet his eye, or *encounter* it—*affrontare* (Ital.). Shakspeare uses this word with the same meaning again in Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

"That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia."

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Like to his father's greatness. His approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave[1]
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so,[2] (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,[3]) *She had not been*
Nor was not to be equalled;—thus your verse
Flowed with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebbed,
To say, you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam.
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon;)
The other, when she has obtained your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women..
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honored friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentlemen.
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had paired

1 i. e. thy beauties which are buried in the grave.
2 *So* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that she had not been *equalled.*
3 i. e. than the corse of Hermione, the subject of your writing.

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Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st[1]
He dies to me again, when talked of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.——

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us performed before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! And then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.[2]
Flo. By his command
Have I here touched Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[3]
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seized
His wished ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured, to look upon you; whom he loves

[1] The old copy reads, "Pr'ythee, no more: *cease;* thou know'st," &c. Steevens made the omission of the redundant word, which he considers a mere marginal gloss or explanation of *no more.*
[2] Steevens altered this to look *upon*, but there are many instances of similar construction, in Shakspeare, incorrect as they may now appear.
[3] i. e. *at amity*, as we now say.

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(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.
Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?
Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble, honored lord, is feared and loved?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaimed his, parting with her; thence
(A prosperous south wind friendly) we have crossed,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,
Here, where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful[1] gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blessed
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you?

[1] i. e. full of grace and virtue.

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Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betrayed me;
Whose honor, and whose honesty, till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question.[1] Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak;
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.—
The odds for high and low's alike.

[1] i. e. conversation.

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Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth[1] as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up.
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now. With thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswered; I will to your father;
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord

[1] *Worth*, for descent or wealth.

SCENE II. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business. —But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance[1] were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? This news, which

[1] i. e. *import*, the thing imported.

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is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection[1] of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor.[2] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping[3] her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns.[4] I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an

[1] In Shakspeare's time, *to affect* a thing meant, to have a tendency or disposition to it. The *affections* were the *dispositions*—appetitus animi.

[2] *Favor* here stands for *mien, feature.*

[3] i. e. embracing.

[4] Conduits or fountains were frequently representations of the human figure.

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ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No; the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity,[1] and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape; he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in

[1] However misplaced the praise, it is no small honor to Julio Romano to be thus mentioned by the Poet. By *eternity* Shakspeare only means *immortality*.

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hope of answer. Thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed[1] house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

[1] i. e. remote.

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Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gen tlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand. I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins [1] say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend.—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall [2] fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see

[1] i. e. yeomen.
[2] i. e. a *bold, courageous* fellow.

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the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in* Paulina's *House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,
With your crowned brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O, Paulina,
We honor you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely,[2] apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mocked, as ever
Still sleep mocked death. Behold; and say, 'tis well.
[PAUL. *undraws a curtain and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder. But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!—

[1] *Good masters.* It was a common petitionary phrase to ask a superio to be *good lord*, or *good master* to the supplicant.
[2] The old copy reads *lovely.*

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Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she lived now.
Leon. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I wooed her!
I am ashamed. Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.
Paul. O patience;
The statue is but newly fixed; the color's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But killed itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image

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Would thus have wrought [1] you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have showed it.[2]
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
'Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done.
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.[3]
Paul. I'll draw the curtain
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

[1] Worked, agitated.
[2] The folio reads, "*Il'd* not have showed it." In the late edition of Malone's Shakspeare it stands, "*I'll* not have showed it." But surely this is erroneous.
[3] *As* for *as if*. *With* has the force of *by*.

Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is required,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still,
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music; awake her: strike.—
[*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come:
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:
[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful. Do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.
When she was young, you wooed her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.
Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

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Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or, how stolen from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Presenting* PER., *who kneels to* HER.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear, that I—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope, thou wast in being—have preserved
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners[1] all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be questioned; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honorable husband.—Come, Camillo,

[1] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired.

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And take her by the hand; whose [1] worth, and honesty,
Is [2] richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What!—Look [3] upon, my brother.—Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom [4] Heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissevered. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Whose* relates to Camillo, though Paulina is the immediate antecedent. In the loose construction of ancient phraseology, *whose* is often used in this manner, where *his* would be more proper.

[2] *It* is erroneously printed for *is* here in the late Variorum Shakspeare.

[3] Look *upon*, for look *on*. Thus in King Henry V. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 3:

"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy," &c.

[4] *Whom* is here used where *him* would be now employed.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

*** This is not only a *frigid* note of approbation, but is unjustly attributed to WARBURTON, whose opinion is conveyed in more enthusiastic terms. He must in justice be allowed to speak for himself. "This play throughout is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

'Our sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name (i. e. Dryden and Pope) into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the collection."

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COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE general idea of this play is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus; but the plot is entirely recast, and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, "when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied." The clumsy and inartificial mode of informing the spectator by a prologue, of events, which it was necessary for him to be acquainted with in order to enter into the spirit of the piece, is well avoided, and shows the superior skill of the modern dramatist over his ancient prototype. With how much more propriety is it placed in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin brothers, whose character is sketched with such skill as deeply to interest the reader in his griefs and misfortunes! Development of character, however, was not to be expected in a piece which consists of an uninterrupted series of mistakes and laughter-moving situations. Steevens most resolutely maintained his opinion that this was a play only retouched by the hand of Shakspeare; but he has not given the grounds upon which his opinion was formed. We may suppose the doggerel verses of the drama, and the want of distinct characterization in the dramatis personæ, together with the farcelike nature of some of the incidents, made him draw this conclusion. Malone has given a satisfactory answer to the first objection, by adducing numerous examples of the same kind of long verse from the dramas of several of his contemporaries; and that Shakspeare was swayed by custom in introducing it into his early plays, there can be no doubt; for it should be remembered that this kind of versification is to be found in Love's Labor's Lost, and in The Taming of the Shrew. His better judgment made him subsequently abandon it. The particular translation from Plautus which served as a model, has not come down to us. There was a translation of the Menæchmi, by W. W. (Warner), published in 1595, which it is possible Shakspeare may have seen in manuscript; but from the circumstance of the brothers being, in the folio of 1623, occasionally styled Antipholus *Erotes* or *Errotis*, and Antipholus *Sereptus*, perhaps for *Surreptus* and *Erraticus*, while in Warner's translation the brothers are named Menæchmus *Socicles* and Menæchmus *the traveller*, it is concluded that he was not the Poet's authority. It is difficult to pronounce decidedly between the contending opinions of the critics; but the probability is, that the whole of the play is from the hand of Shakspeare. Dr. Drake thinks it "is visible throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastised parts, a combination of which may be found in

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the character of Pinch, who is sketched in his strongest and most marked style." We may conclude with Schlegel's dictum, that "this is the best of all written or possible Menæchmi; and if the piece is inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakspeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials."

Malone first placed the date of this piece in 1593, or 1596, but lastly in 1592. Chalmers plainly showed that it should be ascribed to the early date of 1591. It was neither printed nor entered on the Stationers' books until it appeared in the folio of 1623.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of* Ephesus.
ÆGEON, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, } *twin-brothers, and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
DROMIO *of* Ephesus, } *twin-brothers, and Attendants on*
DROMIO *of* Syracuse, } *the two* Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, *Friend to* Antipholus *of* Syracuse.
PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
ADRIANA, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Ephesus.
LUCIANA, *her Sister.*
LUCE, *her Servant.*
A Courtesan.

Jailer, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE. Ephesus.

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COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Jailer, Officer, *and other* Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws.
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns;
Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,

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Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.
Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature,[1] not by vile offence.
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And the[2] great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor,[3] mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those—for their parents were exceeding poor—
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

[1] i. e. natural affection.

[2] The old copy reads *he:* the emendation is Malone's. The manner in which Steevens pointed this passage, gave to it a confused if not an absurd meaning.

[3] The word *poor* was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

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My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return;
Unwilling I agreed; alas; too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sailed,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance[1] of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before, for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fastened him unto a small, spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,
Fastened ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapors that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas waxed calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far, making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.

[1] *Instance* appears to be used here for *symptom* or *prognostic*. Shakspeare uses this word with very great latitude.

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But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.
Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily termed them merciless to us!
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,[1]
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful[2] welcome to their shipwrecked guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus you have heard me severed from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them, and thee, till now.
Æge. My youngest boy,[3] and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtuned me,

[1] The first folio reads "borne *up*."
[2] The second folio altered this to "*helpful* welcome;" but change was unnecessary.
[3] It appears, from what goes before, that it was the *eldest*, and not the *youngest*. He says, "My wife, more careful of the latter-born," &c.

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That his attendant (for[1] his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but[2] retained his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom whilst I labored of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbors men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have marked
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recalled,
But to our honor's great disparagement,
Yet will I favor thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not,[3] then thou art doomed to die.—
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The first folio reads *so*, the second *for*.

[2] The personal pronoun *he* is suppressed: such phraseology is not unfrequent in the writings of that age.

[3] *No*, which is the reading of the first folio, was, anciently, often used for *not*. The second folio reads *not*.

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SCENE II. *A public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse, *and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.
[*Exit* DRO. S.

Ant. S. A trusty villain,[1] sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart;
And afterwards consort[2] you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

[1] The word *villain* was anciently used in the sense of *slave*, or *servant*.
[2] i. e. "*accompany you.*"

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Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.
Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.
Ant. S. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds[1] himself.
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.[2]—
What now! how chance, thou art returned so soon?
Dro. E. Returned so soon! rather approached too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broken your fast
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.
Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humor now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

[1] *Confounded*, here, does not signify *destroyed*, as Malone asserts; but *overwhelmed, mixed confusedly together, lost.*
[2] They were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master.

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We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,[1]
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce[2] of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

[1] The old copy reads *cook*. The emendation is Pope's.

[2] So in Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 1:—"Why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the *sconce*?" Sconce also signified a *fortification*, commonly round, as well as the human head.

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Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
[*Strikes him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* DROMIO E.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught[1] of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;[2]
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.[3]
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty;

1 i. e. overreached.
2 This was the character which the ancients gave of Ephesus.
3 That is, *licentious actions, sinful liberties.*

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Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go, or come. If so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses, will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.[1]
There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords.
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause;[2]
They can be meek, that have no other cause.[3]
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me.
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

[1] Steevens proposes to read *leashed*, i. e. coupled.
[2] *To pause* is *to rest*, to be quiet. [3] i. e. *no cause* to be otherwise.

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Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He asked me for a thousand marks in gold.
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home?[1] quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burned; My gold*, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress;*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master.

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress;*—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

[1] *Home* is not in the old copy: it was supplied, to complete the verse, by Capell.

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Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round[1] with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruined? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures.[2] My decayed fair[3]
A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.[4]

[1] He plays upon the word *round*, which signifies spherical, as applied to himself; and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech* or *action*, as regards his mistress. The King, in Hamlet, desires the Queen to be *round* with her son.

[2] *Defeat* and *defeature* were used for disfigurement or alteration of features. Cotgrave has "Un visage desfaict: *Growne very leane, pale, wan,* or *decayed in feature and color.*"

[3] *Fair*, strictly speaking, is not used here for *fairness*, as Steevens supposed; but for *beauty*. Shakspeare has often employed it in this sense, without any relation to *whiteness of skin* or *complexion*. The use of the adjective for the substantive, as in this instance, is not peculiar to him, but is the common practice of his contemporaries.

[4] Adriana probably means she is *thrown aside, forgotten, cast off*, become *stale* to him.

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Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets[1] it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
'Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wandered forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humor altered?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

[1] Hinders.

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake. Now your jest is earnest;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.[1]
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head. An you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce[2] it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

[1] i. e. intrude on them when you please.
[2] To *insconce* was to *hide*, to protect as with a fort.

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Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric,[1] and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain, bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on

[1] So in The Taming of the Shrew:—

"I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders *choler*, planteth anger."

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beasts; and what he hath scanted men[1] in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost. Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.[2]

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en[3] no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it. Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts[4] us yonder!

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

[1] The old copy reads *them:* the emendation is Theobald's.
[2] To *false*, as a verb, has been long obsolete; but it was current in Shakspeare's time.
[3] The old copy, by mistake, has *in*.
[4] i. e. *beckons* us.

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The time was once, when thou unurged wouldst vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savored in thy taste,
Unless I spake, looked, touched, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall [1]
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep, divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am possessed with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live disstained, [2] thou undishonored

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

[1] *Fall* is here a verb active. [2] i. e. *unstained.*

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Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,
Want wit in all one word to understand.
Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?
Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compáct?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[1]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine.
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle[2] moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

[1] i. e. *separated, parted.* [2] i. e. *unfruitful.*

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Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered [1] fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answerest not?
Dromio, thou drone,[2] thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

[1] The old copy reads *freed*, which is evidently wrong; perhaps a corruption of *proffered* or *offered*.
[2] The old copy reads "Dromio, thou *Dromio*." The emendation is Theobald's.

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Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good seignior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say, that I lingered with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down,
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show.
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand writing would tell you what I think.
Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kicked; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

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Ant. E. You are sad, seignior Balthazar. 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O seignior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest.
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer you may have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is locked. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,[1] malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![2]
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

[1] A *mome* was a *fool* or foolish jester. *Momar* is used by Plautus for a fool; whence the French *mommeur*.

[2] *Patch* was a term of contempt often applied to persons of low condition, and sometimes applied to a *fool*.

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Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[1]

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil[2] is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. 'Faith, no; he comes too late.
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh.—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answered him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in, I hope?[3]

Luce. I thought to have asked you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

[1] I own. [2] Bustle, tumult.

[3] It seems probable that a line following this has been lost; in which Luce might be threatened with a *rope;* which would have furnished the rhyme now wanting. In a subsequent scene Dromio is ordered to go and buy a rope's end, for the purpose of using it on Adriana and her confederates.

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Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part[1] with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.[2]

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

[1] Have part.
[2] A proverbial phrase, meaning to be so overreached by foul and secret practices.

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Dro. E. Here is too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir. O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honor of your wife.
Once[1] this; your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made[2] against you.
Be ruled by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives upon succession;
Forever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevailed; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.—

[1] *Once* this, here means *once for all; at once.*
[2] i. e. made fast. The expression is still in use in some counties.

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There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this,[1] I know, 'tis made.
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LUCIANA, *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall Antipholus' hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?[2]
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;

[1] By this time.

[2] In the old copy the first four lines stand thus:—

"And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in *buildings* grow so *ruinate*?"

The present emendation was proposed by Steevens, though he admitted Theobald's into his own text. *Love-springs* are the *buds of love*, or rather the young *shoots*. "The *spring*, or young shoots that grow out of the stems or roots of trees."—*Baret.*

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Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board.
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but[1] believe,
Being compact of credit,[2] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her; call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,[3]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly, gross conceit,
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labor you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I decline.[4]
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote.
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

[1] Old copy, *not.*
[2] i. e. being *made* altogether of credulity.
[3] *Vain* is light of tongue, not veracious.
[4] "To *decline*; to turne or hang *toward* some place or thing."—*Baret.*

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And as a bed [1] I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die.—
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim;
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim [2] thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit* Luc.

Enter, from the House of Antipholus *of* Ephesus, Dromio *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

[1] The first folio reads:—
"And as a *bud* I'll take thee, and there lie."

[2] The old copy reads, I *am* thee. The present reading is Steevens's. Others have proposed I *mean* thee; but *aim*, for *aim at*, was sometimes used.

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Ant. S. Thou art Dromio; thou art my man; thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence.[1] I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease: and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart,[2] like my shoe, but her face, nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

[1] This is a very old corruption of *save* reverence, *salva reverentia.* See Blount's Glossography, 1682.

[2] *Swart*, or swarth, i. e. *dark, dusky*, infuscus.

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Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.[1]

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks[2] to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured[3] to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoul-

1 "An equivoque," says Theobald, "is intended. In 1589, Henry III. of France, being stabbed, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he had appointed his successor; but whose claim the states of France resisted on account of his being a Protestant. This I take to be what is meant by France making war against her heir. Elizabeth had sent over the earl of Essex with four thousand men to the assistance of Henry of Navarre, in 1591. This oblique sneer at France was, therefore, a compliment to the Poet's royal mistress."

2 *Carracks*, large ships of burthen (*caraca*, Span.). *Ballast* is merely a contraction of *ballassed*; to *balase* being the old orthography; as we write *drest* for *dressed*, *embost* for *embossed*, &c.

3 i. e. affianced.

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der, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch; and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,[1] and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbor in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possessed with such a gentle, sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself;
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine.[2]
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

[1] Alluding to the popular belief that a great share of *faith* was a protection from witchcraft.

[2] Porcupine throughout the old editions of these plays is written *porpentine*. It is written *porpyn* in an old phrase book, called Hormanni Vulgaria, 1519, thus:—"*Porpyns* have longer prickles than Yrchins."

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Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offered chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage.
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing[1] to me by Antipholus.
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

[1] i. e. accruing.

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Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus, *from the* Courtesan's.

Off. That labor may you save; see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her[1] confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO.
Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chained together; and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humor, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnished with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good seignior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will[2] be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No! bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will; have you the chain about you?

[1] The old copy reads *their*.
[2] *I will*, for *I shall*, is a Scotticism; but it is not unfrequent in old writers on this side of the Tweed.

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Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.
Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—
Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.
Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humor out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.
Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

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Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail;
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,[1] sir,
I have conveyed aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish[2] sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.[3]
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon;
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,
That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it.
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave; be gone.
On, officer, to prison, till it come.
[*Exeunt* MER., ANG., Officer, *and* ANT. E.
Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband;

[1] Freight, cargo.
[2] *Peevish* was used for *mad*, or *foolish*.
[3] i. e. carriage.

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She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Looked he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.[1]
Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begged for you, he begged of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.
Adr. Did'st speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,[2] worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

1 This double negative had the force of a stronger asseveration in the phraseology of that age.
2 *Marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity.

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Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;[1]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment[2] hath him;
One, whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel,
A fiend, a fairy,[3] pitiless and rough;
A wolf; nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;[4]
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;[5]
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.[6]
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

1 This expression, which appears to have been proverbial, is again alluded to in Measure for Measure, Act i. Sc. 5.

2 The *buff* or leather jerkin of the sergeant, is called an *everlasting garment*, because it was so durable.

3 Theobald would read a *fury*; but a *fairy*, in Shakspeare's time, sometimes meant a *malevolent sprite*; and, coupled as it is with pitiless and rough, the meaning is clear.

4 The first folio reads, *lans*.

5 "To hunt or run *counter*, signifies that the hounds or beagles hunt it by the heel," i. e. run backward, mistaking the course of the game. To *draw dry-foot* was to follow the scent or track of the game. There is a quibble upon *counter*, which points at the *prison* so called.

6 *Hell* was the cant term for prison. There was a place of this name under the Exchequer, where the king's debtors were confined.

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Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is[1] in a suit of buff, which 'rested him; that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* LUCIANA.
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[2]
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too. Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he[3] be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money; bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am pressed down with conceit;[4]
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt*

[1] Thus the old authentic copy. The omission of the personal pronoun was formerly very common; we should now write *he's*.
[2] i. e. a *bond*. Shakspeare takes advantage of the old spelling to produce a quibble.
[3] The old copy reads, "If *I*," &c.
[4] Fanciful conception.

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SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor called me in his shop,
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?[1]

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case. He that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up

[1] Theobald reads, "What, have you got *rid of* the picture of old Adam?" The emendation is approved and adopted by Malone Johnson thinks that the text does not require interpolation.

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his rest[1] to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.[2]

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest.*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we begone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse; she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

[1] This is a metaphorical expression for being *determined*, or *resolutely bent to do a thing*, taken from the game of Primero.

[2] A *morris-pike* is a *moorish pike*, commonly used in the 16th century. It was not used in the morris dance, as Johnson erroneously supposed.

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Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock. Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* DRO.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rushed into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit*

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SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attached in Ephesus.
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus, *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by

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my long ears.[1] I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return. Nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtesan, *with* PINCH,[2] *and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy![3]

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

[1] *Long* from frequent pulling.

[2] In the old copy—"and a *schoolmaster*, called *Pinch.*" As learning was necessary for an exorcist, the schoolmaster was often employed.

[3] This *tremor* was anciently thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil.

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Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
Adr. O that thou wert not, poor, distressed soul!
Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?[1]
Did this companion[2] with a saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?
Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home,
Where 'would, you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!
Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?
Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
Ant. E. Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out?
Dro. E. Perdy,[3] your doors were locked, and you shut out.
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?
Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to arrest me.

[1] "A *customer* was a *familiar*, an *intimate*, a *customary haunter of any place.*"
[2] *Companion* is a word of contempt, anciently used as we now use *fellow.*
[3] A corruption of the common French oath, *par dieu.*

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Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
Dro. E. Money by me! Heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.
Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
[PINCH *and his* Assistants *bind* ANT. *and* DRO.
Adr. O, bind him, bind him; let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too

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Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy[1] strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! Wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, Good master; cry, the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and* Assistants, *with* ANT. *and* DRO.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

1 *Unhappy* for unlucky, i. e. mischievous.

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Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.
Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt* Officer, ADR., *and* LUC.
Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff[1] from thence.
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hindered you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteemed here in the city?

[1] i. e. baggage. *Stuff* is the genuine old English word for all movables.

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Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me; I'll speak to him.
Seignior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold; hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—
Some get within him,[1] take his sword away;
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

[1] i. e. close, grapple with him.

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Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.[1]
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoiled.
[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DRO. *to the priory.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy[2] of our conference.
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;

[1] i. e. go into a house: we still say that a dog *takes* the water.
[2] *Copy* in the present instance is probably *copie, plenty, copious source,* an old Latinism, many times used by Ben Jonson. The word is spelled *copie* in the folio; and in King Henry V., where it means *pattern, example,* it is spelled *copy.*

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Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing;
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hindered by thy brawls;
Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,
To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast;
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth
Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labor in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney[1] but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,

[1] i. e. substitute.

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With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.[1]
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit* Abbess.
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five.
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry[2] execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, *attended;* Ægeon, *bareheaded; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

[1] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the accustomed forms of sober behavior. In Measure for Measure, "*informal* women" is used for just the contrary.

[2] i. e. *dismal*:—"dismolde and sorrie, *atra funestus.*"

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Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important[1] letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

[1] i. e. *importunate.*

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Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[1] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool; thy master and his man are here,
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, begone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible.
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

[1] i. e. successively, one after another.

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Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[1] feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjured woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman locked me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not packed with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,

[1] *Harlot* was a term anciently applied to a rogue or base person among men, as well as to wantons among women. See Todd's Johnson.

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He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats; he with none returned.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out I was possessed. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gained my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

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Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been,
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatched that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go, call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated,[1] or stark mad.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour, I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves, we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? You know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath changed me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed[2] hand,

[1] *Confounded.* See note on Macbeth, Act v. Sc. 1.
[2] *Deformed* for *deforming.*

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Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.[1]

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained[2] face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear;
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted; but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan, *and* DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wronged. [*All gather to see him.*

[1] Dromio delights in a quibble, and the word *bound* has before been the subject of his mirth.

[2] Furrowed, lined.

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Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me
Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not, or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;[1]
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up,
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.[2]
These two Antipholuses, these two so alike,
And these two Dromioes, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

1 In the old copy, this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

2 "The morning story" is what Ægeon tells the duke in the first scene of this play.

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Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes.—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour;

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My heavy burden here delivered.[1]
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you, the calendars of their nativity,[2]
Go to a gossip's feast, and go[3] with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtesan, Merchant, Angelo, *and* Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio;
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Ant. S. *and* Ant. E., Adr. *and* Luc.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchened me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

[1] The old copy reads, erroneously, thus:—

"*Thirty-three* years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burden *are* delivered."

Theobald corrected it in the following manner:—

"*Twenty-five* years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; *nor* till this present hour
My heavy *burdens are* delivered."

Malone, after much argument, gives it thus:—

"Of you, my sons; *until* this present hour
My heavy burden *not* delivered."

Thirty-three years are an evident error for *twenty-five;* this was corrected by Theobald. The reader will choose between the simple emendation in the text, and those made by Theobald and Malone.

[2] i. e. the two Dromioes. Antipholus of Syracuse has already called one of them "the almanac of my true date." See note on Act i. Sc. 2.

[3] Heath thought that we should read, "and joy with me." Warburton proposed *gaud*, but the old reading is probably right.

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Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question; how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior; till then, lead thou first

Dro. E. Nay; then thus;
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

On a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake." Thus, as we are informed by Aulus Gellius, Lib. III. Cap. 3, some plays were absolutely ascribed to Plautus, which in truth had only been (*retractatæ et expolitæ*) retouched and polished by him.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till the power of affording entertainment is entirely lost.

STEEVENS.

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MACBETH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

Dr. Johnson thought it necessary to prefix to this play an apology for Shakspeare's magic;—in which he says, "A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies." He then proceeds to defend this transgression upon the ground of the credulity of the Poet's age; when "the scenes of enchantment, however they may be now ridiculed, were, both by himself and his audience, thought awful and affecting." By whom, or when, (always excepting *French* criticism,) these sublime conceptions were in danger of ridicule, he has not told us; and I sadly fear that this superfluous apology arose from the misgivings of the great critic's mind. Schlegel has justly remarked that, "Whether the age of Shakspeare still believed in witchcraft and ghosts, is a matter of perfect indifference for the justification of the use which, in Hamlet and Macbeth, he has made of preexisting traditions. No superstition can ever be prevalent and widely diffused through ages and nations, without having a foundation in human nature: on this foundation the Poet builds; he calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, that presage of a dark side of nature, and a world of spirits, which philosophy now imagines it has altogether exploded. In this manner he is in some degree both the portrayer and the philosopher of a superstition; that is, not the philosopher who denies and turns into ridicule, but, which is still more difficult, who distinctly exhibits its origin to us in apparently irrational and yet natural opinions."—In another place the same admirable critic says—"Since *The Furies* of Æschylus, nothing so grand and terrible has ever been composed. The Witches, it is true, are not divine Eumenides, and are not intended to be so; they are ignoble and vulgar instruments of hell. They discourse with one another like women of the very lowest class; for this was the class to which witches were supposed to belong. When, however, they

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address Macbeth, their tone assumes more elevation; their predictions have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity, by which oracles have in all times contrived to inspire mortals with reverential awe. We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the operation of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere." Their agency was necessary; for natural motives alone would have seemed inadequate to effect such a change as takes place in the nature and dispositions of Macbeth. By this means the Poet "has exhibited a more sublime picture to us; an ambitious but noble hero, who yields to a deep-laid, hellish temptation; and all the crimes to which he is impelled by necessity, to secure the fruits of his first crime, cannot altogether eradicate in him the stamp of native heroism." He has, therefore, given a threefold division to the guilt of that crime. The first idea comes from that being, whose whole activity is guided by a lust of wickedness. The weird sisters surprise Macbeth in the moment of intoxication after his victory, when his love of glory has been gratified; they cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate, what can only in reality be accomplished by his own deed, and gain credence for their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction. The opportunity for murdering the king immediately offers itself; Lady Macbeth conjures him not to let it slip; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence, which has all those sophisms at command that serve to throw a false grandeur over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of Macbeth; he is driven to it, as it were, in a state of commotion, in which his mind is bewildered. Repentance immediately follows; nay, even precedes the deed; and the stings of his conscience leave him no rest either night or day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell: it is truly frightful to behold that Macbeth, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come, clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence, the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of his way whatever to his dark and suspicious mind seems to threaten danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to sympathize with the state of his mind; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities; and, even in his last defence, we are compelled to admire in him the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience. The Poet wishes to show that the conflict of good and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads, into a blessing to others. Lady Macbeth, who, of all the human beings, is the most guilty participator in the murder of the king, falls, through the horrors of her conscience, into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease; she dies,

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unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. Macbeth is still found worthy of dying the death of a hero on the field of battle. Banquo atones for the ambitious curiosity which prompted him to wish to know his glorious descendants, by an early death, as he thereby rouses Macbeth's jealousy; but he preserved his mind pure from the bubbles of the witches; his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy for a long succession of ages that royal dignity which Macbeth could only hold during his own life. In the progress of the action, this piece is altogether the reverse of Hamlet; it strides forward with amazing rapidity from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. Thought, and done! is the general motto; for, as Macbeth says,

> "The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
> Unless the deed go with it."

In every feature we see a vigorous, heroic age, in the hardy North, which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained,—years, perhaps, according to the story; but we know that to the imagination the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much can be compressed into so narrow a space; not merely external events—the very innermost recesses of the minds of the persons of the drama are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they rolled along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal the power of this picture in exciting horror. We need only allude to the circumstances attending the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of Lady Macbeth; what can we possibly say on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this Poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of Medusa." *

Shakspeare followed the chronicle of Holinshed, and Holinshed borrowed his narration from the *Chronicles of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, from the Latin of Hector Boethius, and first published at Edinburgh, in 1541.

"Malcolm the Second, king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, thane of the isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan,

* Lectures on Dramatic Literature, by A. W. Schlegel, translated by John Black, London, 1815, vol. ii. p. 200.

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who married the sister of Siward, earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin-german Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, about the year 1040 or 1045. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff, according to Boethius in 1061, according to Buchanan in 1057, at which time Edward the Confessor reigned in England.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the sergeant-at-arms who summoned them, and chose one Macdonwald as their captain. Macdonwald speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, (who was lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber,) was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdonwald, being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth, on entering the castle, finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno, king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and, after a great slaughter of his troops, he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdonwald and the invasion of Sueno, Shakspeare has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed quia *theatris* aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiæ, ea omitto." —*Rerum Scot. Hist. Lib.* vii.

Milton also enumerates the subject among those he considered well suited for tragedy, but it appears that he would have attempted to preserve the unity of time, by placing the relation of the murder of Duncan in the mouth of his ghost.

Macbeth is one of the latest, and unquestionably one of the noblest efforts of Shakspeare's genius; equally impressive in the closet and on the stage, where to witness its representation has been justly pronounced "the first of all dramatic enjoyments." Malone places the date of its composition in

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1606, and it has been supposed to convey a dexterous and delicate compliment to James the First, who derived his lineage from Banquo, and first united the threefold sceptre of England, Scotland, and Ireland. At the same time, the monarch's prejudices on the subject of demonology were flattered by the choice of the story.

It was once thought that Shakspeare derived some hints for his scenes of incantation from The Witch, a tragi-comedy, by John Middleton, which, after lying long in manuscript, was published about thirty years since by Isaac Reed; but Malone* has with considerable ingenuity shown that Middleton's drama was most probably written subsequently to Macbeth.

* See the chronological order of the plays in the late Variorum Edition, by Mr. Boswell, vol. ii. p. 420.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
MACDUFF, LENOX, ROSSE, MENTETH, ANGUS, CATHNESS, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
FLEANCE, *Son to* Banquo.
SIWARD, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* English *Forces.*
YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.[1]
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman *attending on* Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, and three Witches.[2]

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, *and* Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, *and several other* Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in* England; *through the rest of the play, in* Scotland; *and chiefly at* Macbeth's Castle.

[1] Lady Macbeth's name was Gruach filia Bodhe, according to Lord Hailes. Andrew of Wintown, in his Cronykil, informs us that she was the widow of Duncan; a circumstance with which Shakspeare was, of course, unacquainted.
[2] As the play now stands, in Act v. Sc. 1, three other witches make their appearance.

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MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open Place. Thunder and lightning*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath;
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock calls;—Anon.[1]
Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vanish*

SCENE II. *A Camp near* Fores. *Alarum within.*

Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Soldier.[2]

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

[1] Upton observes, that, to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a *cat*, and another with the croaking of a *toad*. A *paddock* most generally seems to have signified a *toad*, though it sometimes means a frog. What we now call a toadstoo. was anciently called a *paddock-stool*.

[2] The first folio reads *captain*.

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Mal. This is the sergeant,[1]
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that[2]
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;[3]
And Fortune, on his damned quarry[4] smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore.[5] But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion,
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
And[6] ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;[7]

[1] *Sergeants*, in ancient times, were men performing one kind of feudal military service, in rank next to esquires.

[2] Vide Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer, v. *for;* and Pegge's Anecdotes of the English Language, p. 205. *For to that* means no more than *for that*, or *cause that.*

[3] i. e. supplied *with* armed troops so named. *Of* and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. *Gallowglasses* were heavy-armed foot-soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles; *Kernes* were the lighter armed troops.

[4] "*But* fortune on his damned *quarry* smiling."—Thus the old copies. It was altered at Johnson's suggestion to *quarrel.* But the old copy needs no alteration. *Quarry* means the *squadron* (escadre), or *square* body, into which Macdonwald's troops were formed, better to receive the charge.

[5] The meaning is, that Fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him.

[6] The old copy reads *which.*

[7] Sir W. D'Avenant's reading of this passage, in his alteration of the play, is a tolerable comment on it:—

"But then this daybreak of our victory
Served but to light us into other dangers,
That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise."

Break is not in the first folio.

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So from that spring, whence comfort seemed to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark;
No sooner justice had, with valor armed,
Compelled these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report, they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,[1]
I cannot tell:——
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.[2]
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

[1] i. e. make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.
[2] "That seems *about* to speak strange things."

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Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,[1] lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,[2]
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno,[3] the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' Inch,[4]
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Heath. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

[1] By *Bellona's bridegroom* Shakspeare means Macbeth. *Lapped in proof* is defended by armor of proof.

[2] "Confronted him with self-comparisons." By *him* is meant *Norway*, and by *self-comparisons* is meant that he gave him as good as he brought, showed that he was his equal.

[3] It appears probable, as Steevens suggests, that *Sweno* was only a marginal reference, which has crept into the text by mistake, and that the line originally stood—

"That now the Norway's king craves composition."

It was surely not necessary for Rosse to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the king of Norway.

[4] *Colmes'* is here a dissyllable. *Colmes' Inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columb. *Inch* or *inse*, in Erse, signifies an island.

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And mounched, and mounched, and mounched. *Give me*, quoth I;
Aroint thee,[1] *witch!* the rump-fed ronyon[2] cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.[3]
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;[4]
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters,[5] hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

1 The etymology of this imprecation is yet to seek. *Rynt ye*, for *out with ye! stand off!* is still used in Cheshire, where there is also a proverbial saying, "*Rynt ye, witch*, quoth Besse Locket to her mother." The French have a phrase of somewhat similar sound and import—"*Arry-avant*, away there, ho!"—Mr. Douce thinks that "*aroint* thee" will be found to have a Saxon origin.

2 "Rump-fed ronyon," a mangy woman, fed on offals.

3 i. e. the sailor's chart; *carte-marine*.

4 *Forbid*, i. e. forespoken, *unhappy*, charmed or bewitched. A *forbodin* fellow (Scotice) still signifies an unhappy one.

5 The old copy has *weyward*, evidently by mistake. *Weird*, from the Saxon, a *witch*, Shakspeare found in Holinshed. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, renders the *Parcæ* by *weird sisters*.

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Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't called to Fores?—What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?
1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis![1]
2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,[2] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,

[1] The thaneship of Glamis was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. Gray has given a particular description of it in a Letter to Dr. Wharton.
[2] i. e. creatures of fantasy or imagination.

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Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favors, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers; tell me more.
By Sinel's[1] death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence! or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,[2]
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

1 "*Sinel.*" The late Dr. Beattie conjectured that the real name of this family was *Sinane*, and that *Dunsinane*, or *the hill* of Sinane, thence derived its name.

2 The *insane root* was probably *henbane*. In Batman's Commentary on Bartholome de Propriet. Rerum, a book with which Shakspeare was familiar, is the following passage:—"Henbane is called *insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called, commonly, mirilidium, for it taketh away wit and reason."

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Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenced with that,[1]
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,[2]
Came[3] post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.
Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.
Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives. Why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?
Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed, and proved,
Have overthrown him.

[1] i. e. admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them justice by public commendation, contend in his mind for preëminence: he is *silenced with wonder.*

[2] i. e. posts arrived as *fast* as they could be *counted.* Dr. Johnson explains the passage thus:—"The news came as thick as a tale can travel with the post." Mr. Reeves reads "*thick as hail.*"

[3] "*Came* post." The old copy reads *can.* Rowe made the emendation.

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Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor;
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,[1]
Might yet enkindle [2] you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange!
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single [3] state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honors come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

[1] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on.
[2] "*Encourage* you to expect the crown."
[3] By his *single state of man*, Macbeth means his *simple condition of human nature.*

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Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favor;[1]—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more times,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,[2]
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,[3]
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face.[4]

[1] *Favor* is *countenance, good will*, and *not pardon*, as it has been here interpreted. Vide Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2.
[2] *Studied in his death*, is instructed in the art of dying.
[3] *Owed*, owned, possessed.
[4] We cannot construe the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.

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He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me; thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither;
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name, hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland;[1] which honor must

[1] Holinshed says, "Duncan having two sons, &c. he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdome immediatelie after his decease. Macbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted), he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just

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Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
[*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. *They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of great-*

quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might in time to come pretend, unto the crowne."

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ness; that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised.—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it; And that which rather thou dost fear to do, Than wishest should be undone.* Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;[1]
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical[2] aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have informed for preparation.
Attend. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending;

1 "That I may pour my spirits in thine ear." So in Lord Sterline's Julius Cæsar, 1607:—
"Thou in my bosom used *to pour thy spright.*"

2 "Which fate and *metaphysical* aid," &c.; i. e. *supernatural* aid. We find *metaphysics* explained "*things supernatural*" in the old dictionaries. "To *have thee crowned*," is to *desire* that you should be crowned.

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He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit* Attendant.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal[1] thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it.[2] Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall[3] thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[4]
To cry, *Hold, hold!*——Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond

[1] "That tend on *mortal* thoughts." *Mortal* and *deadly* were synonymous.

[2] Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. "To keep peace between the effect and purpose," means "to delay the execution of her purpose, to prevent its proceeding to effect." Sir Wm. Davenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonably good commentary upon it. Thus in the present instance:—

"———— make thick
My blood, stop all passage to remorse;
That no relapses into mercy may
Shake my design, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripened to effect."

[3] To *pall*, from the Latin *pallio*, to wrap, to invest, to cover or hide as with a mantle or cloak.

[4] Drayton, in his Mortimeriados, 1596, has an expression resembling this.—

"The sullen *night in mistie* RUGGE *is wrapped.*"

And in his Polyolbion, which was not published till 1612, we again find it:—

"Thick vapors that like *ruggs* still hang the troubled air."

On this passage there is a long criticism in the Rambler, No. 168; to which Johnson, in his notes, refers the reader.

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This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor[1] ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Castle. Hautboys.* Servants *of* Macbeth *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage,[2] but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:

[1] *Favor* is countenance. [2] i. e. convenient corner.

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Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.[1]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honored hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield[2] us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honors, deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.[3]

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well:
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

1 "This short dialogue," says sir Joshua Reynolds, "has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. The conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of the castle's situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds."

2 The explanation by Steevens of this obscure passage seems the best which has been offered:—"Marks of respect importunately shown are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us only as far as prayers and thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honors that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved."—To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense of to *pray*. God *yield* us, is God *reward* us.

3 i. e. we, as *hermits*, or *beadsmen*, shall ever pray for you.

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Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,[1]
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. *The same. A Room in the Castle. Hautboys and torches.*

Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer,[2] *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.[3]—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends[4] the ingredients of our poisoned chalice

[1] *In compt*, subject to accompt.

[2] A *sewer*, an officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table. *Asseour* (French), from *asseoir*, to *place*.

[3] This passage has been variously explained. The following is probably its meaning:—*'Twere well it were done quickly, if, when 'tis done, it were done* (or at an *end*); and that no sinister consequences would ensue. *If the assassination*, at the same time that it puts an end to Duncan's life, could make success certain, and that I might enjoy the crown unmolested, *we'd jump the life to come*, i. e. hazard or run the risk of what may happen in a future state. To *trammel* up was to *confine* or tie up. *Surcease* is *cessation*. "To *surcease* or to *cease* from doing something; supersedeo (Lat.); *cesser* (Fr.)"—*Baret*.

[4] To *commend*, was anciently used in the sense of the Latin *commendo*, to *commit*, to *address*, to *direct*, to *recommend*.

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To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers[1] of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,[2]
And falls on the other—How now, what news?

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that

[1] "The *sightless couriers of the air*," are what the Poet elsewhere calls the *viewless winds*.

[2] Which o'erleaps *itself*. It has been proposed to read, "which o'erleaps its *selle*," i. e. *saddle* (Fr.).

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Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[1]
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more,[2] is none.
Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere,[3] and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail,——
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains[4]
Will I with wine and wassel[5] so convince,[6]
That memory, the warder of the brain,

1 The adage of the cat is among Heywood's Proverbs, 1566:—"The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete."

2 "Who dares *do* more is none." The old copy, instead of "*do* more," reads "*no* more:" the emendation is Rowe's.

3 *Adhere* in the same sense as *cohere*.

4 The circumstance relative to Macbeth's slaughter of Duncan's chamberlains is copied from Holinshed's account of king Duffe's murder by Donwald.

5 *Wassel* is thus explained by Bullokar in his Expositor, 1616: "*Wassaile*, a term usual heretofore for *quaffing* and *carowsing*; but more especially signifying a merry cup (ritually composed, deckt and fill'd with country liquor) passing about amongst neighbours, meeting and entertaining one another on the vigil or eve of the new year, and commonly called the *wassail bol*."

6 To *convince* is to *overcome*.

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Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck[1] only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[2]

Macb. Bring forth men children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a* Servant, *with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

[1] A *limbeck* is a vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall the *receipt* (i. e. receptacle) of reason be like this empty vessel.

[2] *Quell* is *murder;* from the Saxon *quellan*, to kill.

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Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose.[1]—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:[2]
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up[3]
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.[4]
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

1 It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

2 The old copy reads *offices*. *Officers* of a household was the common term for servants.

3 Steevens has explained "to *shut up*," by "to *conclude*," and the examples he has adduced are satisfactory.

4 Being unprepared, our desire to entertain the king honorably was constrained by defective means, otherwise our zeal should have been manifest by more liberal entertainments.

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Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb If you shall cleave to my consent,[1]—when 'tis,
It shall make honor for you.
Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit* BAN.
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee;———
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon,[2] gouts[3] of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

[1] *Consent* is *accord, agreement*, a combination for a particular purpose. By "if you shall cleave to my consent," Macbeth means, "if you shall adhere to me (i. e. agree or accord with my views), when 'tis (i. e. when events shall fall out as they are predicted), it shall make honor for you." Macbeth mentally refers to the crown which he expected to obtain in consequence of the murder that he was about to commit. *We* comprehend all that passes in his mind; but Banquo is still in ignorance of it.

[2] *Dudgeon*, for *handle*; "*a dudgeon* dagger is a dagger whose handle is made of the root of box."

[3] *Gouts*, drops; from the French *gouttes*.

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Lady Charlotte

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It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep;[1] now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.[2]——Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.[3]—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire.—Hark!—peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

1 Steevens proposed to substitute the word "sleeper" for "sleep," and to erase the word "now," in order to render the measure harmonious.

2 The old copy reads *sides:* Pope made the alteration. Johnson objects to the epithet *ravishing strides.* But a *stride* was not always an action of violence, impetuosity, or tumult. Thus in The Faerie Queene, b. iv. c. viii.,

"With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride.*"

3 Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such horror to the night, as well suited with the bloody deed he was about to perform.

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Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid, they have awaked,
And 'tis not done;—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept. I had done't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *amen*, the other;
As[1] they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

[1] *As* for *as if.*

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Listening their fear,[1] I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave[2] *of care,*
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house.
Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more!
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

1 i. e. listening *to* their fear; the particle omitted.
2 *Sleave* is unwrought silk, sometimes, also, called *floss* silk. It appears to be the coarse, ravelled part separated by passing through the slaie (reed comb) of the weaver's loom; and hence called *sleaved* or *sleided* silk. *Sleeveless*, which has puzzled the etymologists, may be that which cannot be sleaved, sleided, or unravelled; and therefore useless: thus a *sleeveless* errand would be a *fruitless* one.

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I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,[1]
Making the green—one red.[2]

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry;—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.[3]—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.[4]
[*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] To *incarnardine* is to stain of a red color.
[2] In the old copy the line stands thus:

"Making the Green one, Red."

The punctuation in the text was adopted by Steevens at the suggestion of Murphy. Malone prefers the old punctuation. Steevens has well defended the arrangement of his text, which seems to deserve the preference.
[3] "Your constancy hath left you unattended."—Vide note on Xing Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2.
[4] This is an answer to Lady Macbeth's reproof. "While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to myself."

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SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old[1] turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time; have napkins[2] enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Who's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator,[3] that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven. O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.[4] [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

1 i. e. frequent.

2 i. e. *handkerchiefs.* In the dictionaries of the time *sudarium* is rendered by "*napkin or handkerchief, wherewith we wipe away the sweat.*"

3 i. e. *a Jesuit.* That order was held in odium in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

4 So in Hamlet:—

"Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads."

And in All's Well that Ends Well:—"The *flowery way* that leads to the great fire."

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Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock;[1] and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in[2] a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie, last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me. But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labor, we delight in, physics[3] pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.[4] [*Exit* MACDUFF.

[1] i. e. till *three* o'clock.
[2] *In* for *into*.
[3] i. e. *alleviates it*.
[4] i. e. *appointed* service.

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Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He does;—he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night; some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!
Macb. Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is't you say? The life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;
See and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell;—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this drowsy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—Up, up, and see
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

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Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak,——
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.——O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murdered!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.——
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And sav it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know it.
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.
Macd. Your royal father's murdered.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't.
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;

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So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows.
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet, I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance. There, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore.[1] Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken,
Here, where our fate, hid in an auger[2]-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brewed.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady;—
[LADY MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,

1 "*Breeched with gore,*" covered with blood to their hilts.
2 The old folio reads "augure."

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Against the undivulged pretence[1] I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macb. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them.
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.[2]
Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted;[3] and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE *and an* Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time, I have seen

[1] *Pretence* is here put for *design* or *intention*. Banquo's meaning is—"in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light*."

[2] "——— the near in blood,
The nearer bloody."

Meaning that he suspects Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the nearest in blood to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan.

[3] Malcolm means to say, "The shaft has not yet done all its intended mischief."

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Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?[1]
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,[2]
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That looked upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.——

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

1 "After the murder of king Duffe," says Holinshed, "for the space of six months togither there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moon by night in anie part of the realme; but still the sky was covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."—It is evident that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts. Most of the portents here mentioned are related by Holinshed, as accompanying king Duffe's death: "there was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl," and "horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh."

2 "A falcon tow'ring in her *pride of place*," a technical phrase in falconry for *soaring to the highest pitch*. Faulcon *haultain*, was the French term for a towering or high-flying hawk.

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Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[1]
Macd. They were suborned.
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still.
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.[2]
Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill;[3]
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—adieu!——
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Father, farewell.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Pretend*, in the sense of the Latin *prætendo*, to *design*, or "*lay for a thing before it come*," as the old dictionaries explain it.

[2] Macbeth, by his birth, stood next in succession to the crown, after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the younger the mother of Macbeth.—*Holinshed.*

[3] *Colme-kill* is the famous *Iona*, one of the Western Isles, mentioned by Holinshed as the burial-place of many ancient kings of Scotland. Colme-kill means the *cell* or chapel of St. Columbo.

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ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now—King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't; yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king;* LADY MACBETH, *as queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper,[1] sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)

1 "A solemn supper." This was the phrase of Shakspeare's time for a feast or banquet given on a particular occasion, to *solemnize* any event, as a birth, marriage, coronation.

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In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt* LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— [*Exit* Atten.]
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him,
My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

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When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophetlike,
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed[1] my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings; the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance![2]——Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation[3] with you,
How you were borne in hand;[4] how crossed; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion crazed,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 For *defiled.*
2 "To the utterance." This phrase, which is found in writers who preceded Shakspeare, is borrowed from the French; *se battre a l'outrance,* to fight desperately or to extremity, even to death.
3 i. e. "passed in *proving to* you."
4 To *bear in hand* is to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance.

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1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled[1]
To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand has bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours forever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,[2] water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped[3]
All by the name of dogs. The valued file[4]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition,[5] from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,

[1] i. e. "are you so obedient to the precept of the gospel, which teaches us to pray for those who despitefully use us?"

[2] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks;* dogs bred between wolves and dogs.

[3] *Cleped,* called.

[4] The *valued file* is the *descriptive list* wherein their value and peculiar qualities are set down.

[5] *Particular addition,* title, description.

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That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life. And though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives——
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,[1]
The moment on't: for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness.[2] And with him
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.
2 *Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded.——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

1 i. e. the exact time when you may *look out* or lie in wait for him.
2 "Always remembering that I must stand clear of suspicion."

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SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest[1] fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.
Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place,[2] have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.[3] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,

[1] *Sorriest*, most melancholy.
[2] The first folio reads *peace;* the second folio *place.*
[3] *Ecstasy*, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion or alienation of the mind. The old dictionaries render it *a trance, a dampe, a crampe.*

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Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!
Lady M. Come on, gentle my lord;
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo: present him eminence,[1] both
With eye and tongue: unsafe, the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's[2] not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,[3] with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling[4] night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

1 *Present him eminence*, do him the highest honor.
2 Ritson has observed, that "Nature's *copy*" alludes to *copyhold* tenure, in which the tenant holds an estate for *life*, having nothing but the *copy* of the rolls of his lord's court to show for it. A *lifehold* tenure may well be said to be not eternal. The subsequent speech of Macbeth, in which he says,

"Cancel and tear to pieces *that great bond*,"

confirms this explanation. Many of Shakspeare's allusions are to legal customs.
3 That is, the beetle *borne* along the air by its *shards* or *scaly* wings. Steevens had the merit of first showing that *shard* or *sherd* was the ancient word for a *scale* or outward covering, a case or sheath.
4 i. e. blinding: to *seel* up the eyes of a hawk was to close them by sewing the eyelids together.

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Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day;
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,[1]
Already are i' the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

[1] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper.

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Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*Assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[*Dies.* FLEANCE *and* Servant *escape.*[1]
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first[2]
And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

[1] *Fleance*, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became lord high steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of sir Walter Steward. From him, in a direct line, king James I. was descended; in compliment to whom, Shakspeare has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime.

[2] "At first and last." Johnson, with great plausibility, proposes to read, "*To* first and last."

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Our hostess keeps her state;[1] but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.——
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.[2]
Is he despatched?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cutthroats. Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched[3] gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that.——
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

[1] "*Keeps her state,*" continues in her chair of state. A *state* was a royal chair with a canopy over it.
[2] "'Tis better thee without, than he within;" that is, I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than he in this room.
[3] "With twenty *trenched* gashes on his head;" from the French *trancher*, to cut.

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No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,[1]
That is not often vouched while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness, sit?
[*The ghost of* Banquo *rises, and sits in* Macbeth's *place.*
Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here's a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends.—My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;[2]
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[1] That which is not given cheerfully cannot be called a gift; it is something that must be paid for.
[2] i. e. prolong his suffering, make his fit longer

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Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to[1] true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What! quite unmanned in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the general[2] weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

[1] This was a form of *elliptic* expression, commonly used even at this day, in the phrase "this is nothing *to* them," i. e. *in comparison* to them.
[2] The folio reads *gentle.*

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Then I'll sit down.——Give me some wine; fill full:
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
'Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.[1]

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation[2] in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
If trembling I inhabit[3] then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—'Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,[4]

1 That is, "we *desire to drink*" all good wishes to all.

2 "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes." Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616, explains "*speculation*, the inward knowledge or *beholding* of a thing."

3 "Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if then I do not meet thee there; if, trembling, I stay in my castle, or any *habitation*; if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear,—protest me the baby of a girl."

4 i. e. possess.

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When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night.—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augures[1] and understood relations have,
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou,[2] that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will, to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood

[1] i. e. *auguries*, divinations; formerly spelled *augures*, as appears by Florio in voce *augurio*. By *understood relations*, probably, connected circumstances *relating* to the crime are meant. In all the modern editions we have it, erroneously, *augurs*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the *magpie*: stories, such as Shakspeare alludes to, are to be found in Lupton's Thousand Notable Things, and in Goulart's Admirable Histories.

[2] i. e. *what* say'st thou *to this circumstance*? Thus, in Macbeth's address to his wife, on the first appearance of Banquo's ghost:—

"Behold! look! lo! *how say you?*

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Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season[1] of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use.—
We are yet but young in deed.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, *meeting the three* Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now. Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.

[1] "You stand in need of the time or *season* of sleep which all natures require."

[2] The editions previous to Theobald's read—

"We're but young *indeed.*"

The *initiate fear* is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by *hard use* or frequent repetition of it.

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Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms and every thing beside;
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;[1]
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away,* &c.[2]

Hark, I am called; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead.—
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,

[1] The *vaporous drop profound* seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment.

[2] This song is to be found entire, in The Witch, by Middleton.

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For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot[1] want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? Damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For, 'twould have angered any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please Heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honors,[2]
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate[3] the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

[1] "Who *cannot* want the thought," &c. The sense requires "who *can* want the thought;" but it is probably a lapse of the Poet's pen.
[2] It has been shown that *free* sometimes meant *pure, chaste*, consequently *unspotted*, which may be its meaning here. *Free* also meant *noble*.
[3] *Exasperate*, for exasperated.

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Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron, boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.——
Toad, that under coldest[1] stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered[2] venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

[1] "Coldest stone." The old copy reads "*cold* stone;" the emendation is Steevens's. Mr. Boswell thinks that the alteration was unnecessary.
[2] *Sweltered.* This word is employed to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exudations.

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2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's[1] sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf[2]
Of the ravined[3] salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew,
Slivered[4] in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,[5]
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

1 The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm.*

2 *Gulf*, the throat.

3 To *ravin*, according to Minshew, is to *devour, to eat greedily. Ravined*, therefore, may be *glutted with prey;* unless, with Malone, we suppose that Shakspeare used *ravined* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. In Horman's Vulgaria, 1519, occurs "Thou art a *ravenar* of delycatis."

4 *Sliver* is a common word in the north, where it means *to cut a piece* or *slice.*

5 i. e. *entrails;* a word formerly in common use in books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, is a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chawdron.*

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Enter HECATE *and the other three* Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.[1]

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,[2]
Something wicked this way comes.——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope

[1] "Black spirits and white." The original edition of this play only contains the two first words of this song; the entire stanza is found in The Witch, by Middleton, and is there called "A charme Song about a Vessel."

[2] "By the pricking of my thumbs." It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen.

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Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins[1] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them; let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself and office deftly[2] show.

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*[3]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped[4] my fear aright.—But one word more;—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

1 *Germins*, seeds which have begun to sprout or germinate.

2 *Deftly* is adroitly, dexterously.

3 The armed head represents, symbolically, Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff, untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child, with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane.

4 *Harped*, touched on a passion as a harper touches a string.

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Thunder. An Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.[1]
[*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?[2]
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill[3]
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest;[4] bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head,[5] rise never, till the wood

[1] "For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth." So Holinshed:—"And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. This prophecy put all fear out of his heart."

[2] The *round* is that part of a crown which encircles the head: the *top* is the ornament which rises above it.

[3] The present accent of *Dunsinane* is right. In every subsequent instance the accent is misplaced.

[4] i. e. command it to serve him like a soldier impressed.

[5] "Rebellious *head.*" The old copy reads *dead;* the emendation is Theobald's.

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Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs;—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more.—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry;[1]
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered[2] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 "That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry." This was intended as a compliment to James the First: he first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head, whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo, who is therefore represented not only as innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan.

2 In Warwickshire, when a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humor, becomes matted into tufts with grime and sweat, he is

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1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so.—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,[1]
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique[2] round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The* Witches *dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damned all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st[3] my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

said to be *boltered;* and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard, clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-boltered.*

[1] i. e. *spirits.* It should seem that *spirits* was almost always pronounced *sprights* or *sprites* by Shakspeare's contemporaries.

[2] *Antique* was the old spelling for *antic.*

[3] i. e. preventest them, by taking away the opportunity.

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To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace[1] him in his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Castle.*

Enter Lady Macduff, *her* Son, *and* Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:[2]—for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season.[3] I dare not speak much further:

[1] i. e. follow, succeed in it. [2] *Natural touch*, natural affection.
[3] Some commentators consider this expression as equivalent to the "violent disorders of the time;" others insist that it means "what is most fitting to be done in every conjuncture."

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But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;[1]
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again;
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* ROSSE.

L. Macd. Sirrah,[2] your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

[1] "When we are led by our fears to believe every rumor of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with fears."

[2] *Sirrah* was not, in our author's time, a term of reproach, but sometimes used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c.

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L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect [1]
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly. Why, then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?——What are these faces?

[1] i. e. I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

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Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-eared[1] villain.
Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has killed me, mother;
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit* LADY MACDUFF, *crying murder, and pursued by the* Murderers.

SCENE III. England. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.[2]

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfallen birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,[3] I will.

[1] "Shag-eared villain." It has been suggested that we should read *shag-haired*, an abusive epithet frequent in our old plays. *Hair* being formerly spelled *heare*, the corruption would easily arise.

[2] This scene is almost literally taken from Holinshed's Chronicle, which is in this part an abridgment of the chronicle of Hector Boece, as translated by John Bellenden. From the recent reprints of both the Scottish and English chroniclers, quotations from them become the less necessary; they are now accessible to the reader curious in tracing the Poet to his sources of information.

[3] i. e. befriend.

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What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve [1] of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.[2] But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.[3]

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties.—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!—Wear thou thy wrongs;—

[1] "You may *deserve* of him through me." The old copy reads *discerne*. The emendation was made by Theobald. In the subsequent part of the line something is wanted to complete the sense. There is no verb to which *wisdom* can refer. Steevens conjectured that the line might originally have run thus:—

"——— but something
You may deserve through me; and wisdom *is it*
To offer," &c.

[2] A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission.

[3] "Virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villany."

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Thy title is affeered![1]—Fare thee well, lord.
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich east to boot.
Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices then it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.[2]
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious,[3] avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden,[4] malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

[1] To *affeer* is a law term, signifying to *assess* or *reduce to certainty.*
[2] i. e. immeasurable evils.
[3] *Luxurious*, lascivious.
[4] *Sudden*, passionate.

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Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust:[1] and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons[2] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,[3]
With other graces weighed.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,

[1] Sir W. Blackstone proposed to read *summer-seeding*, which was adopted by Steevens; but the meaning of the epithet may be, "lust *as hot as summer*." In Donne's Poems, Malone has pointed out its opposite — *winter-seeming*.

[2] *Foysons*, plenty.

[3] *Portable* answers to a phrase now in use. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*.

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Acting in many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled[1] tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banished me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste;[2] but God above
Deal between thee and me! For even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray

1 "With an untitled tyrant." Thus in Chaucer's Manciple's Tale:—

"Right so betwix a *titleless tiraunt*
And an outlawe."

2 *Credulous haste*, overhasty credulity.

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The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's to command;
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure. Their malady convinces[1]
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit* Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp[2] about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

[1] i. e. *overcomes* it. We have before seen this word used in the same Latin sense, Act i. Sc. 7, of this play. "To *convince* or convicte, to vanquish and overcome—*evinco*."—*Baret.*

[2] *A golden stamp*, the coin called an angel; the value of which was ten shillings.

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He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
To speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Ross. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent[1] the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy:[2] the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

[1] "*To rent* is an ancient verb, which has been long disused," say the editors: in other words, it is the old orthography of the verb to *rend.*
[2] *A modern ecstasy* is *a common grief.*

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Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help! Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch[1] them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,[2]
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,

1 To *latch* (in the north) signifies the same as to *catch*. Thus also Golding, in his translation of the first book of Ovid's Metamorphoses:—

"As though he would, at everie stride, betweene his teeth hir *latch*."

2 "Or is it a *fee-grief*," a peculiar sorrow, a grief that hath but a single owner.

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Were, on the quarry[1] of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children, too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?[2]
Mal. Dispute it like a man.[3]
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart; enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle Heavens,

[1] *Quarry*, the game after it is killed; it is a term used both in hunting and falconry. The old English term *querre*, is used for the *square* spot wherein the dead game was deposited. *Quarry* is also used for the game pursued.

[2] "At one fell *swoop*." *Swoop*, from the verb *to swoop* or *sweep*, is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry.

[3] i. e. *contend* with your present sorrow like a man.

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Cut short all intermission:[1] front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune[2] goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments.[3] Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of Physic, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching —In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

1 *All intermission*, all pause, all intervening time.
2 The old copy reads *time*. The emendation is Rowe's.
3 i. e. encourage, thrust *us*, their instruments, forward against the tyrant.

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Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! this is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.[1]

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! Out, I say!—One, Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:——Hell is murky![2] —Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—

[1] "Ay, but their sense *is* shut." The old copy reads "Ay, but their sense *are* shut." Malone has quoted other instances of the same inaccurate grammar.

[2] Lady Macbeth, in her dream, imagines herself talking to her husband, who (she supposes) had just said *Hell is murky* (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed), and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.—"Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard?"

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No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.[1]

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not; I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so!

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit* LADY MACBETH.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night.

1 "You mar all with this starting." She is here again alluding to the terrors of Macbeth when the ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

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My mind she has mated,[1] and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Country near* Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colors, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward,[2] and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[3]
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough[4] youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;

[1] "My mind she has *mated*." *Mated*, or amated (from *matte*, old French), signified to *overcome, confound, dismay*, or *make afraid*.

[2] Duncan had two sons by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, earl of Northumberland.—Holinshed.*

[3] By *the mortified man* is meant a *religious man*; one who has mortified his passions, is dead to the world; an *ascetic*.

[4] "And many unrough youths." This expression means *smooth-faced, unbearded*.

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Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there![1]
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed;
Meet we the medecin[2] of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequence, have pronounced me thus:—
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.——Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:[3]

[1] i. e. when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation.

[2] *The medecin*, the physician. In the Winter's Tale, Camillo is called, by Florizel, "the *medecin* of our house."

[3] Shakspeare derived this thought from Holinshed:—"The Scottish people before had no knowledge of nor understanding of fine fare or riotous surfeit; yet after they had once tasted the sweet poisoned bait thereof," &c. "those superfluities which came into the realme of Scotland with Englishmen."—*Hist. of Scotland*, p. 179.

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The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag[1] with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon![2]
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand——
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?[3]
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear.[4] What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear,[5] the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton!——

1 To *sag*, or *swag*, is to hang down by its own weight, or by an overload.

2 "——cream-faced *loon*." This word, which signifies *a base, abject fellow*, is now only used in Scotland; it was formerly common in England, but spelled *lown*, and is justly considered by Horne Tooke as the past parciple of *to low* or abase. *Lout* has the same origin.

3 *Patch*, an appellation of contempt, signifying *fool* or *low wretch*.

4 i. e. they infect others, who see them, with cowardice.

5 *Sear* is *dry, withered*. We have the same expression and sentiment in Spenser's Pastorals:—

"Also my lustful leaf is *drie* and *seare*."

For "*way* of life" Johnson would read "*May* of life;" in which he was followed by Steevens and others. Warburton contended for the original reading, and was followed by Mason. At a subsequent period Steevens acquiesced in the propriety of the old reading, *way of life*, which he interprets, with his predecessors, *course* or *progress*. Malone followed the same track. This phrase is only a simple periphrasis for *life*.

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Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr[1] the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff;—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me;
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,[2] or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?

[1] i. e. *scour* the country round.
[2] "What rhubarb, senna." The old copy reads *cyme*. The emendation is Rowe's.

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Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Country near* Dunsinane; *a Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,[1]
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,[2]

[1] A similar incident is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in his Northern History, lib. vii. cap. xx. De Strategemate Hachonis per Frondes.

[2] "For where there is advantage to be given." Dr. Johnson thought that we should read:—

"—— where there is *a vantage* to be *gone.*"

i. e. where there is an opportunity to be gone, all ranks desert him. We might perhaps read:—

"—— where there is advantage to be *gained;*"

and the sense would be nearly similar, with less violence to the text of the old copy.

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Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V. Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colors, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within, of women.*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell[1] of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;

[1] "—my fell of hair," my hairy part, my *capilitium.* ***Fell*** **is skin, properly a sheep's skin with the wool on it.**

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There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;[1]
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave![2]
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling[3] thee; if thy speech be sooth,

[1] "*The last syllable of recorded time*" seems to signify the utmost period fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expression; but as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written.

[2] ["*Striking him,*"] says the stage direction in the margin of all the modern editions; but this stage direction is not in the old copies: it was first interpolated by Rowe, and is now omitted on the suggestion of the late Mr. Kemble. See his Essay on Macbeth and King Richard III. Lond. 1817. p. 111.

[3] To *cling*, in the northern counties, signifies to shrivel, wither, or dry up. *Clung-wood* is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. The same idea is well expressed by Pope in his version of the nineteenth Iliad, 166:—

"*Clung with dry famine*, and with toils declined."

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I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pall in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness[1] on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colors, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us[2] what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

[1] *Harness*, armor.

[2] The first folio reads *upon's*.

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SCENE VII. *The same. Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bearlike, I must fight the course.[1]—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and Young* Siward *is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

[1] "But, bearlike, I must fight the course." This was a phrase at bear-baiting. "Also you shall see two ten dog *courses* at the great bear."—*Antipodes*, by Brome.

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I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited.[1] Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and Old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord.—The castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee;
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labor:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air[2]

[1] *Bruited* is *reported, noised* abroad; from *bruit* (Fr.).
[2] "*The intrenchant air*," the air which cannot be cut.

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With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter[1] with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.
Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

[1] "That palter with us in a double sense," that *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions.

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Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field; your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.[1]
And so his knell is knolled.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head on a pole.*[2]

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,[3]
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

[1] "When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, 'in the fore part,' he replied, '*I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine.*'"—*Camden's Remaines.*

[2] These words, "*on a pole,*" Mr. Steevens added to the stage direction from the Chronicle. The stage directions of the players are often incorrect, and sometimes ludicrous.

[3] "*Thy kingdom's pearl,*" thy kingdom's wealth or ornament. Rowe altered this to *peers*, without authority.

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All. Hail, king of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named.[1] What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiendlike queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place;
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[1] "Malcolm, immediately after his coronation, called a parliament at Forfair; in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth. Manie of them that were before *thanes* were at this time made *earles;* as Fife, Menteith, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Caithness, Rosse, and Angus."—*Holinshed's History of Scotland,* p. 176.

THIS play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character: the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that in Shakspeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

JOHNSON.

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KING JOHN.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

This historical play was founded on a former drama, entitled "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey. As it was sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Majesties Players in the honorable Cittie of London." This piece, which was in two parts, was 'printed at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591," without the author's name: was again republished in 1611, with the letters W. Sh. in the title-page; and afterwards, in 1622, with the name of William Shakspeare at length. It may be found by the curious reader among the "Six Old Plays on which Shakspeare founded," &c., published by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Nichols some years since.

Shakspeare has followed the old play in the conduct of its plot, and has even adopted some of its lines. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin and ballad metre; and, in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humor, which, from their particular turn, were most evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspeare. Pope attributes the old play to Shakspeare and Rowley conjointly; but we know not on what foundation. Dr. Farmer thinks there is no doubt that Rowley wrote the old play; and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one under his name.

Though, as Johnson observes, King John is not "written with the utmost power of Shakspeare," yet it has parts of preëminent pathos and beauty, and characters highly interesting, drawn with great force and truth. The scene between John and Hubert is perhaps one of the most

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masterly and striking which our Poet ever penned. The secret workings of the dark and turbulent soul of the usurper, ever shrinking from the full development of his own bloody purpose; the artful expressions of grateful attachment by which he wins Hubert to do the deed; and the sententious brevity of the close, manifest that consummate skill and wonderful knowledge of human character which are to be found in Shakspeare alone. But what shall we say of that heart-rending scene between Hubert and Arthur? —a scene so deeply affecting the soul with terror and pity that even the sternest bosom must melt into tears; it would perhaps be too overpowering for the feelings, were it not for the "alleviating influence of the innocence and artless eloquence of the poor child." His death afterwards, when he throws himself from the prison walls, excites the deepest commiseration for his hapless fate. The maternal grief of Constance, moving the haughty, unbending soul of a proud queen and affectionate mother to the very confines of the most hopeless despair, bordering on madness, is no less finely conceived, than sustained by language of the most impassioned and vehement eloquence. How exquisitely beautiful are the following lines!—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

Shakspeare has judiciously preserved the character of the Bastard Faulconbridge, which was furnished him by the old play, to alleviate by his comic humor the poignant grief excited by the too painful events of the tragic part of the play. Faulconbridge is a favorite with every one: he is not only a man of wit, but an heroic soldier; and we lean toward him from the first for the good humor he displays in his litigation with his brother respecting the succession to his supposed father;—

"He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The very spirit of Plantagenet!"

This bespeaks our favor toward him: his courage, his wit, and his frankness secure it.

Schlegel has remarked that, in this play, "the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they possess but little true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the

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monarch are evident in the style of the manifesto; conventional dignity is most indispensable when personal dignity is wanting. Faulconbridge ridicules the secret springs of politics without disapproving them, but frankly confesses that he is endeavoring to make his fortune by similar means, and wishes rather to belong to the deceivers than the deceived." Our commiseration is a little excited for the fallen and degraded monarch toward the close of the play. The death of the king and his previous suffering are not among the least impressive parts; they carry a pointed moral.

Malone places the date of the composition in 1596.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards* King Henry III.
ARTHUR, *Duke of* Bretagne, *Son of* Geffrey, *late Duke of* Bretagne, *the elder Brother of* King John.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of* Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of* Essex, *chief Justiciary of* England.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of* Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of* Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the* King.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of* Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to* King Richard the First.
JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to* Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of* France.
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
Archduke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a* French *Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from* France *to* King John.

ELINOR, *the Widow of* King Henry II. *and Mother of* King John.
CONSTANCE, *Mother to* Arthur.
BLANCH, *Daughter to* Alphonso, *King of* Castile, *and Niece to* King John.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens *of* Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in* England, *and sometimes in* France.

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KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

King John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behavior,[1] to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrowed majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

[1] *In my behavior* probably means "In the words and action I am now going to use."

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K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment; so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen[1] presage of your own decay.—
An honorable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.
Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love!
Which now the manage[2] of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.
Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me.
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff *of* Northamptonshire, *who whispers* ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

[1] i. e. gloomy, dismal. [2] i. e. conduct, administration.

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Re-enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his bastard Brother.*[1]

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine.
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honor, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

[1] Shakspeare, in adopting the character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, proceeded on the following slight hint:—

"Next them a bastard of the king's deceased,
A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous."

The character is compounded of two distinct personages. "Sub illius temporis curriculo *Falcasius de Brente*, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat. *Mathew Paris.*—Holinshed says that "Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who, in the year following, killed the Viscount de Limoges to revenge the death of his father." Perhaps the name of Faulconbridge was suggested by the following passage in the continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, 6:—"One *Faulconbridge*, th' erle of Kent his *bastarde*, a stoute-hearted man."

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Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slandered me with bastardy:
But whe'r[1] I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
O, old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick[2] of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half face would he have all my land.
A half-faced groat[3] five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employed my mother.

Rob. And once despatched him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourned at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak.
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores

[1] Whether.

[2] Shakspeare uses the word *trick* generally in the sense of "a peculiar air, or cast of countenance or feature."

[3] The Poet makes Faulconbridge allude to the silver groats of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., which had on them a *half-face* or profile. In the reign of John, there were no groats at all, the first being coined in the reign of Edward III.

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Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claimed this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,[1]—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence,[2] and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his,[3] like him;

1 i. e. "this is a decisive argument."

2 *Lord of thy presence* means *possessor of thy own dignified and manly appearance*, resembling thy great progenitor.

3 *Sir Robert his*, for "Sir Robert's;" *his*, according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case.

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And if my legs were too such riding-rods;
My arms such eel-skins stuffed; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings[1] goes!
And, to[2] his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob[3] in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land; I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st.
Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise[4] more great:
Arise, sir Richard, and Plantagenet.[5]

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honor, yours gave land.

[1] Queen Elizabeth coined threepenny, threehalfpenny, and threefarthing pieces; these pieces all had her head on the obverse, and some of them a *rose* on the reverse. Being of silver, they were extremely *thin*; and hence the allusion. The *roses* stuck in the ear, or in a lock near it, were generally of riband; but Burton says that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear. Some gallants had their ears bored, and wore their mistresses' silken shoestrings in them.

[2] *To* his shape, i. e. *in addition* to it.

[3] Robert.

[4] The old copy reads *rise.*

[5] *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nickname, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broomstalk* in his bonnet.

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Now blessed be the hour by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth. What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:[1]
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
Bast. Brother, adieu. Good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard.
A foot of honor better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.—
Good den,[2] *sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;*—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honor doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective,[3] and too sociable,
For your conversion.[4] Now your traveller,[5]—
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;[6]

1 These expressions were common in the time of Shakspeare for being born out of wedlock.

2 Good evening.

3 *Respective* does not here mean *respectful*, as the commentators have explained it, but *considerative, regardful.*

4 Change of condition.

5 It is said, in All's Well that Ends Well, that "a traveller is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly-excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. To use a toothpick seems to have been one of the characteristics of a travelled man who affected foreign fashions.

6 "At my worship's mess" means at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed.—"Your *worship*" was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in Shakspeare's time, as "your *honor*" was to a lord.

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And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of countries [1]—*My dear sir*,
(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question now;
And then comes answer like an A B C-book.—[2]
O, sir, says answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment; at your service, sir.—
No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours;*
And, so, ere answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself.
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation; [3]
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

[1] *My picked man of countries* may be equivalent to *my travelled fop: picked* generally signified affected, overnice, or curious in dress.

[2] An A B C or *absey-book*, as it was then called, is a *catechism*.

[3] i. e. he is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show by his dress, deportment, and talk, that he has travelled and made observations in foreign countries.

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Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? Where is he,
That holds in chase mine honor up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant,[1] that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip?—sparrow![2]—James,
There's toys abroad;[3] anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honor?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like.[4]

[1] Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of king Athelstan. The History of Guy was a popular book in the Poet's age. Drayton has described the combat very pompously in his Polyolbion.

[2] The Bastard means "*Philip!* Do you take me for a *sparrow?*" The sparrow was called *Philip* from its note, which was supposed to have some resemblance to that word, "*phip phip* the sparrows as they fly."—*Lyly's Mother Bombie.*

[3] i. e. rumors, idle reports.

[4] This is a piece of satire on the stupid, old drama of Soliman and Perseda, printed in 1599, which had probably become the butt for stage sarcasm. In this piece there is a bragging, cowardly knight called Basilisco. His pretension to valor is so blown and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him till

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What! I am dubbed; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son,
I have disclaimed sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father.
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed.—
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,[1]
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

he makes Basilisco swear upon his dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates; thus:—

Bas. O, I swear, I swear.
Pist. By the contents of this blade,—
Bas. By the contents of this blade,—
Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilico—
Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilico,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.
Pist. *Knave*, good fellow, *knave*.

[1] Shakspeare alludes to the fabulous history of king Richard I. which says that he derived his appellation of *Cœur-de-lion* from having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he had been exposed by the duke of Austria for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. The story is related in several of the old chronicles, as well as in the old metrical romance.

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Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin.
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. France. *Before the Walls of* Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke *of* Austria,[1] *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, King *of* France, *and Forces;* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave;
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance,[2] hither is he come,
To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

1 Leopold, duke of Austria, by whom Richard had been thrown into prison in 1193, died in consequence of a fall from his horse, 1195, some years before the date of the events upon which this play turns. The cause of the enmity between Richard and the duke of Austria is variously related by the old chroniclers. Shakspeare has been led into this anachronism by the old play of King John.

2 Importunity.

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But with a heart full of unstained love.
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
Lew. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,—
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,—
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more[1] requital to your love.
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well, then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.——
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.[2]—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot, rash haste so indirectly shed.

[1] i. e. *greater.* [2] To mark the best stations to overawe the town.

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Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient[1] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased;
And all the unsettled humors of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat*
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlooked for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

[1] Immediate, expeditious.

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Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armor here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought[1] his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face,—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief[2] into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art called a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right—
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;

[1] Undermined. [2] A short writing, abstract, or description.

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Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.
K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world.[1]
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! by my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.[2]
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Aust. Peace!
Bast. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.[3]
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard;[4]

[1] "Surely (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in behalfe of the childe: for that she saw, if he were king, *how his mother Constance would looke to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande* till her son should come of lawful age to governe of himselfe. So hard a thing it is to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary."

[2] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Louis the VIIth, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards, in 1151, married Henry II. of England.

[3] Austria, who had imprisoned king Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him. This was the ground of the Bastard's quarrel.

[4] The proverb alluded to is "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant."—*Erasmi Adagia.*

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I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes [1] upon an ass.—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon.—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil [2] that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r [3] she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

[1] Theobald thought that we should read *Alcides shows;* but Malone has shown that the shoes of Hercules were very frequently introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. Theobald supposed that the shoes must be placed on the *back* of the ass, instead of upon his *hoofs*, and therefore proposed his alteration.

[2] Bustle. [3] Whether.

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Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth;
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin;[1]
All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? A will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate.
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim[2]

[1] The key to this obscure passage is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the *second commandment* of "visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children unto the *third* and *fourth* generation." Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother, but also by *her* in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is *plagued on her account*, and *with her plague*, which is *her sin*, i. e. (taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence) the *penalty entailed upon it*. *His* injury, or the evil *he* suffers, *her* sin brings upon him, and *her* injury, or the evils *she* inflicts, he suffers from *her*, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it.

[2] i. e. to encourage. It is a term taken from archery.

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To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens *upon the Walls.*

1 *Cit.* Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle.[1]

K. John. For our advantage;—therefore, hear us first.——
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates,
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratched your city's threatened cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears;

[1] Conference.

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Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labored spirits,
Forewearied[1] in this action of swift speed,
Crave harborage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vowed upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes[2] it; namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspéct, have all offence sealed up.
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvexed retire,
With unhacked swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffered offer,
'Tis not the roundure[3] of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbored in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

[1] Worn out. [2] Owns.
[3] *Roundure*, from *rondare* (Fr.); circle.

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1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
1 *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
Bast. Bastards, and else.
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—
Bast. Some bastards too.
K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.
1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. St. George,—that swinged the dragon, and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence.—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [*To* AUSTRIA.] with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace; no more.
Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.
Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

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K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To* Lewis.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat.*

Enter a French Herald, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground.
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolored earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, *with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot, malicious day!
Their armors, that marched hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colors do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,[1] come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,

[1] It was anciently one of the savage practices of the chase for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy.

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Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.
Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered blows;
Strength matched with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, *with his Power;* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* Bastard; *at the other,* KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run[1] on?
Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell,
With course disturbed, even thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

[1] The first folio reads *roam:* the change was made in the second folio.

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O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing[1] the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents,[2] fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

1 *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates;
Kinged of our fears;[3] until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles[4] of Angiers flout you, kings;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences, be ruled by me;

1 Mr. Pope changed this to *mouthing*, and was followed by subsequent editors. "*Mousing*," says Malone, "is mammocking and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse." "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses."—*The Wonderful Year*, by Decker, 1603.—Shakspeare often uses familiar terms in his most serious speeches; and Malone has adduced other instances in this play: but in this very speech "his dead *chaps*" is surely not more elevated than *mousing*.

2 Potentates.

3 The old copy reads "*Kings* of our fear," &c. The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. "*Kinged* of our fears," i. e. our fears being our kings or rulers.

4 *Escrouelles* (Fr.), scabby fellows.

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Do like the mutines[1] of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing[2] clamors have brawled down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city;
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strength,
And part your mingled colors once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favor she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wronged, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dashed them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder, from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

[1] The *mutines* are the mutineers, the seditious.
[2] i. e. *soul-appalling;* from the verb to *fear*, to make afraid.

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Bast. O prudent discipline! from north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
[*Aside.*
I'll stir them to't.—Come, away, away!

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favor; we are bent to hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,[1]
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous[2] love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young dauphin every way complete.
If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair, divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.

[1] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso, the ninth king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Eleanor.

[2] *Zealous* for *pious.*

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This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen[1] than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Bast. Here's a stay,[2]
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas!
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannonier begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgeled; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words,
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match.
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper. Urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition!
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath

[1] *Spleen* is used by Shakspeare for any violent hurry or tumultuous speed. In a Midsummer Night's Dream he applies *spleen* to the *lightning*.
[2] A *stay* here seems to mean *a supporter of a cause*. "Here's an extraordinary partisan or maintainer that shakes," &c. It has been proposed to read, "Here's a *say*," i. e. a speech; Johnson and Mason read *flaw*.

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Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city. What say you?
K. John. If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieged)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? Look in the lady's face.
Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself formed in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never loved myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table[1] of her eye.
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quartered in her heart!—He doth espy
Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,
That hanged, and drawn, and quartered, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

[1] The *table* is the plain surface on which any thing is depicted or written (*tablette*, Fr.).

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Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak, then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen,[1] Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips, too; for I am well assured
That I did so, when I was first assured.[2]

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates;
Let in that amity which you have made;
For, at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—

[1] This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*, in Latin, Pagus Velocassinus. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin* was in dispute between Philip and John. This and the subsequent line (except the words "do I give") are taken from the old play.

[2] Affianced, contracted.

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Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.—
Where is she and her son? Tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate[1] at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turned another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich, fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlooked-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard.—*The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed[2] with a part;
And France, (whose armor conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded[3] in the ear

[1] *Passionate* here means *agitated, perturbed,* a prey to mournful sensations, not moved or disposed to anger. Thus in the old play, entitled, The true Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York, 1600:—

"——Tell me, good madam,
Why is your grace so *passionate* of late?"

[2] To *part* and *depart* were formerly synonymous.

[3] To *round* or *rown* in the ear is to *whisper;* from the Saxon *runian,* susurrare. The word and its etymology is fully illustrated by Casaubon, in his Treatise de Ling. Saxonica, and in a Letter by Sir H. Spelman, published in Wormius, Literatura Runica. Hafniæ, 1651, p. 4.

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With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,[1]—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;—
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honorable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet.
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels[2] would salute my palm;
But for[3] my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*[4]

[1] *Commodity* is *interest, advantage.* So Baret:—"What fruite or *commoditie* had he by this his friendship?"

[2] Coin. [3] i. e. but *cause.*

[4] In the old copy, the Second Act extends to the end of the speech of lady Constance, in the next scene, at the conclusion of which, she throws herself on the ground. The present division, which was made by Theobald, is certainly right.

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.* *The* French King's *Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again.
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man;
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punished for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable [1] of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

[1] *Capable* is *susceptible.*

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Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless[1] stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart,[2] prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care; I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose; but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath plucked on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that unsurping John.—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

[1] Unsightly.
[2] *Swart* is *dark*, dusky. *Prodigious* is *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil.*

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J.H. Wright

Engd. & Publd.

Constance

Boston

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Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.[1]
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge, firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.
[*She throws herself on the ground.*

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival.
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.
Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—
[*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? What hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides,[2] in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crossed;[3]

[1] The old copy reads, "makes *its* owner *stoop*." The emendation is sir T. Hanmer's.
[2] Solemn seasons, times to be observed above others.
[3] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster.

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But[1] on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun, come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touched, and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria![2] thou dost shame
That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by

[1] *But* for *unless;* its exceptive sense of *be out.* In the ancient almanacs, the days supposed to be favorable or unfavorable to bargains, are distinguished, among a number of particulars of the like importance.

[2] Shakspeare, in the person of Austria, has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Richard Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison in a former expedition (in 1193); but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell (in 1199), belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges. The archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. Austria, in the old play, is called Lymoges, the Austrich duke. Holinshed says, "The same year Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honour of Coniacke, killed the viscount of Lymoges in revenge of his father's death," &c.

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To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured, too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.[1]

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven.—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

[1] Pope inserted the following lines from the old play here, which he thought necessary "to explain the ground of the Bastard's quarrel with Austria:"—

"*Aust.* Methinks that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,
Should be a precedent to fright you all.
Faulc. What words are these? How do my sinews shake!
My father's foe clad in my father's spoil;
How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard; kill the villain straight;
Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long."

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Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,[1]
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add this much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope: all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurped authority.
K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonized, and worshipped as a saint,

[1] What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? The old copy reads *earthy*. The emendation was Pope's. It has also *tash* instead of *task* in the next line, which was substituted by Theobald.

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That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend.
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.
Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new, untrimmed[1] bride.

[1] *Trim* is dress.

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Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith would live again by death of need.
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplexed, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and cursed?
K. Phi. Good, reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:—
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joined in love, so strong in both,[1]

[1] i. e. so strong both in *hatred* and *love;* in deeds of *amity* or deeds of *blood.*

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Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?[1]
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so.
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blessed
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased[2] lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven performed;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself.
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;[3]
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook

1 A *regreet* is an exchange of salutation.
2 *A cased lion* is a lion irritated by confinement.
3 "Where doing tends to ill," where an intended act is criminal, the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act. The criminal act, therefore, which thou hast sworn to do, *is not amiss*, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done *truly*, in the sense I have now affixed to *truth*; that is, if you do *not* do it.

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Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burned.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st,[1] against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy, loose suggestions;
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud, churlish drums,—
Clamors of hell,—be measures to our pomp?
O, husband, hear me!—Ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth! Even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

[1] *By what thou swear'st*, &c. "In swearing by religion against religion, thou hast sworn *by what thou swear'st;* i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swearest by;* i. e. religion."

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Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven.
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honor. O, thine honor, Lewis, thine honor!
Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banished majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Bast. Old time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will? Well, then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be played.
Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
[*Exit* Bastard.
France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

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That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself; thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near* Angiers. *Alarums; Excursions.*

Enter the Bastard, *with* AUSTRIA'S *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip,[1] make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety; fear you not.
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labor to a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of *sir Richard*, calls him by his former name. Shakspeare has followed the old plays, and the best authenticated history. The queen mother, whom king John had made regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army, with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to king John to come to her relief, which he immediately did. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The queen, in the mean while, remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

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SCENE III. *The same. Alarums; Excursions; Retreat.*

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* Bastard, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [*To* ELINOR.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad; [*To* ARTHUR.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*To the* Bastard.] away for England. Haste before;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels[1]
Set thou at liberty; the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle,[2] shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit* Bastard.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word. [*She takes* ARTHUR *aside*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

[1] Gold coin of that name.

[2] It appears from Johnson's Ecclesiastical Laws, that sentence of excommunication was to be "explained in order in English, with *bells tolling* and *candles lighted*, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity than to the effect of such sentences."

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There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love;
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go;
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience.—If the midnight-bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto[1] the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit[2] alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;—
Then, in despite of brooded,[3] watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

[1] The old copy reads *into*. The emendation is Theobald's.
[2] Conception.
[3] Pope proposed to read *broad-eyed*, instead of *brooded*. The alteration, it must be confessed, is elegant, but unnecessary. The allusion is to the vigilance of animals while brooding, or with a brood of young ones under their protection.

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But, ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I'd do't.
K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;
Remember.——Madam, fare you well.
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin;
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho![1]

[*Exeunt.*

[1] King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his chamberlain, from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. "This is one of those scenes (says Steevens) to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties."

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SCENE IV. *The same.* *The* French King's *Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado[1] of convicted[2] sail
Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified.
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,[3]
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.[4]—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

[1] *Armado* is a fleet of war; the word is adopted from the Spanish, and the recent defeat of the *Spanish armado* had made it familiar.
[2] *Convicted* is vanquished, overcome. To *convince* and *convict* were synonymous.
[3] A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation.
[4] "——the vile prison of afflicted breath" is *the body;* the same vile prison in which the breath is confined.

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Const. No, I defy[1] all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath[2] with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O, fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern[3] invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance: I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
I am not mad;—I would to Heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself.
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be delivered of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son;

[1] To *defy* formerly signified to *refuse*, to *reject*.
"I do *defy* thy commiseration."—*Romeo and Juliet*

[2] i. e. this mouth.

[3] i. e. common.

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Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.[1]

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.——
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,[2]
There was not such a gracious[3] creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him. Therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

[1] Probably Constance, in despair, means to apostrophize the absent king John:—"Take my son to England if you will."

[2] To *suspire*, Shakspeare uses for to *breathe*.

[3] *Gracious* is used by Shakspeare often in the sense of *beautiful, comely, graceful.*

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K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*
Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's[1] taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;

[1] The old copy reads *word's*. The alteration was made by Pope. Malone thinks that it is unnecessary; and that by the *sweet word, life* is meant. Steevens prefers Pope's emendation.

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For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatched with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots;[1] the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape[2] of nature, no distempered day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of Heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

[1] "John lays *you* plots." A similar phrase occurs in the First Part of King Henry VI.:—

"He writes, *me* here."

[2] The old copy reads *scope*. The emendation is Pope's.

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If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly[1] all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have named!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[2]
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble dauphin,
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong[3] actions. Let us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton.[4] *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand

[1] *Hurly* is *tumult.*
[2] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net by his note or call.
[3] The first folio reads *strange;* the second folio *strong.*
[4] There is no circumstance, either in the original play or in this of

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Within the arras.[1] When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair. Be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 *Atten.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to't.— [*Exeunt* Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,[2]
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which Arthur is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned, merely because, in the first act, king John seems to have been in that town. It has already been stated that Arthur was in fact confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he was put to death.

[1] Tapestry.

[2] i. e. by my *baptism*. The use of this word for christening or baptism is not peculiar to Shakspeare; it was common in his time. Hearne has published a *Prone* from a MS. of Henry the Seventh's time, in the glossary to Robert of Gloucester, in a note on the word midewinter, by which it appears that it was the ancient orthography. "The childer ryzt schape & *chrystyndome*." It is also used by Lyly, Fanshaw, Harington, and Fairfaxe.

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Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead.
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender, womanish tears ——
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had; a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*
Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will;
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

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Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat[1] red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with cords, irons,* &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me; my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word;
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Atten.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—

[1] The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in Shakspeare's time. "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*."—*Daniel* iii. 19.

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Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes.[1] See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre[2] him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack

1 "The fire being *created*, not to hurt, but *to comfort, is dead with grief* for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have *not deserved*."
2 i. e. *stimulate, set him on.*

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;[1]
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more. Go closely[2] in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords. *The king takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous.[3] You were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any longed-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,

[1] Owns. [2] i. e. secretly.
[3] i. e. this one time more, was one time more than enough. It should be remembered that king John was now crowned for the *fourth time.*

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To guard[1] a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain, old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;[2]
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach;
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it; and we are all well pleased;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with. Mean time, but ask
What you would have reformed, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

[1] To *guard* is to *ornament.*
[2] i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager desire of excelling.

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Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound[1] the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?[2]
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Sal. The color of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,[3]

[1] To *declare*, to publish the purposes of all, &c.

[2] In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. Mental improvement might have been had in a prison as well as any where else.

[3] The *purpose* of the king, to which Salisbury alludes, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might be still a conflict in the king's mind—

"Between his *purpose* and his *conscience*."

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Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.
Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.
Sal. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.
Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answered, either here, or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which owed[1] the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achieved by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm.
Pour down thy weather;—how goes all in France?

[1] i. e. "*owned* the *breadth* of all this isle." The two last variorum editions erroneously read "*breath* for *breadth*," which is found in the old copy.

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Mess. From France to England.[1]—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learned by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumor's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France![2]—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
Mess. Under the dauphin.

Enter the Bastard *and* PETER *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed[3]
Under the tide; but now I breathe again

[1] The king asks *how all goes in France;* the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that whatever is in France *goes* now *into* England.
[2] i. e. how ill my affairs *go* in France.
[3] Astonied, stunned, confounded, are the ancient synonymes of *amazed*, obstupesco.

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Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possessed with rumors, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet,[1] that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude, harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
Deliver him to safety,[2] and return,
For I must use thee.—O, my gentle cousin,
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it.
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is killed to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.

[1] This man was a hermit, in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged, afterwards, upon a gibbet.—*Holinshed*, in anno 1213.—Speed says that Peter the hermit was suborned by the pope's legate, the French king, and the barons, for this purpose.

[2] i. e. to safe custody.

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I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.——
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a spriteful, noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege.
[*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night;
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste

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Had falsely thrust upon contrâry feet,)[1]
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and ranked in Kent.
Another lean, unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him; I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.[2]

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted,[3] and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspéct,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

[1] This passage, which called forth the antiquarian knowledge of so many learned commentators, is now, from the return of the fashion of *right and left shoes*, become intelligible without a note.

[2] Deliberate consideration.

[3] To *quote* is to note or mark.

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K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
And[1] bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies;
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slandered nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the
peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul, imaginary eyes of blood

[1] The old copy reads "*As* bid me," &c. Malone made the correction; *as*, however, frequently is used for *that, which*.

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Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient[1] haste:
I cónjure thee but slowly; run more fast.[2]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.[3]—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.——
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

1 Expeditious.

2 The old play of The Troublesome Raigne of King John, is divided into two parts; the first of which concludes with the king's despatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with *Enter Arthur*, &c., as in the following scene.

3 Shakspeare has followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit;* and it appears to have been conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians say that John, coming in a boat during the night to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, fastened a stone to the body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some color to a report, which he caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window, fell into the river, and was drowned.

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Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me,[1] of the dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather, then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er[2] we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distempered[3] lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossessed himself of us;
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak
With our pure honors, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so; we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason[4] now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

[1] Private account.
[2] The use of *or* for *ere, before*, is at least as old as Chaucer's time. *Ere ever, or ever, or ere*, is, in modern English, *sooner than at any time*; *before ever*; and this is the sense in which Shakspeare and our elder writers constantly use the phrase.
[3] i. e. ruffled, out of humor.
[4] To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue* as to *talk*.

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Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this;
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time,[1]
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king;—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,[2]
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

[1] The old copy reads *sin of times*. The emendation is Pope's.

[2] The old copy reads, "Till I have set a glory to this *hand*." This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. Pope thought that we should read "a glory to this *head*," pointing to the head of the dead prince, and using *worship* in its common acceptation. A *glory* is a circle of rays, such as is represented surrounding the heads of saints and other holy persons. The solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. Gray, the poet (says Dr. Farmer), was much pleased with this correction. The old reading has been explained, "till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honor of revenge for so foul a deed."

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Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain; get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By Heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true[1] defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none:[2] Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury.
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

[1] *Honest* defence, defence in a *good cause.*
[2] i. e. *as yet I am none.* Hubert means to say, "Do not prove me a murderer, by obliging me to take your life in defending my own."

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Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who killed this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
I honored him, I loved him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you, whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there!
Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damned as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damned than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul,——
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.——
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

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Which was imbounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amazed,[1] methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up:
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm,
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest[2] of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-picked bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace;
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture[3] can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. *confounded.*

[2] i. e. the interest which is not at this moment legally *possessed* by any one. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the crown devolved to his sister Eleanor.

[3] Girdle.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *with the crown, and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again
[*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word. Go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties[1] do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humor
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministered,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,[2]
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*
K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet

1 *Counties* here most probably mean, not the divisions of the kingdom, but the *lords* and *nobility* in general.
2 Convert.

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Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But Heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle. London hath received,
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life,
By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:[1]
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,

[1] Thus in Hamlet:—
"——— such a sight as this
Becomes the field."

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And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage,[1] and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockered, silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colors idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms.
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Plain, near* St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.

[1] *Forage* here seems to mean to *range abroad;* which Dr. Johnson says is its original sense; but *fourrage*, the French source of it, is formed from the low Latin, *foderagium*, food: the sense of ranging, therefore, appears to be secondary.

[2] i. e. I know that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder, and more confident of its strength than theirs.

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Return the precedent[1] to these lords again;
That having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurged faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honorable rescue and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury;
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger[2] march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot[3] of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colors here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth[4] thee about,

[1] i. e. the *rough draught* of the original treaty. In King Richard II. the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of lord Hastings says, "It took him eleven hours to write it, and that the *precedent* was full as long a doing."

[2] Shakspeare often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene:—

"Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To *stranger* blood, to foreign royalty."

[3] i. e. the *stain.*

[4] To *clip* is to *embrace;* not yet obsolete in the northern counties.

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Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple [1] thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it [2] so unneighborly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect! [3]
Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm.
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself.—So, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake.
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

1 The old copy reads *cripple.* The emendation was made by Pope.

2 Shakspeare here employs a phraseology used before in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—

"And, fairy-like, *to*-pinch the unclean knight."

3 This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who in his preceding speech calls it an *enforced cause*), could only be procured by foreign arms; and the *brave respect* was the love of country.

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To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France;
The next is this,—King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome;
Therefore thy threatening colors now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,[1]
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this châstised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to[2] this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I,

[1] Appropriated.
[2] This was the phraseology of the time:—

"He hath more worthy interest *to* the state,
Than thou the shadow of succession."

King Henry IV. Part II.

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That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have banked their towns?[1]
Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match played for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,[2]
And culled these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook[3] conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared; and reason too, he should.
This apish and unmannerly approach,

[1] *Banked* is supposed by some to mean the throwing up of intrenchments, and by others, traversing the river banks.
[2] i. e. *assembled it*, drew it out of the field.
[3] Face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity.

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This harnessed mask, and unadvised revel,
This unhaired [1] sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pygmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch; [2]
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, locked up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,[3]
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No;—know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his eyry [4] towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the wound
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needls [5] to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave,[6] and turn thy face in peace.
We grant, thou canst outscold us; fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

[1] The old copies read *unheard*. The emendation is Theobald's. It should be remarked that *hair* was often spelled *hear*.

[2] To *take*, for to *leap*. Hunters still say to *take* a hedge or gate, meaning to *leap* over them. Baret has "*to take* horse, to leap on horseback."

[3] i. e. the crowing of a cock; *Gallus* being both a *cock* and a *Frenchman*.

[4] Nest. [5] Needles. [6] Boast.

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Bast. No, I will speak.
Lew. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.
Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder; for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Field of Battle. Alarums.*

Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,[1]

[1] *Supply* is here used as a noun of multitude, as it is again in Scene V.

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That was expected by the dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard[1] but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinstead. To my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and others*

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, *wounded, and led by* Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pem. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He[2] means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar of Saint Edmund's Bury;

[1] The king had not long since called him by his original name of *Philip*, but the messenger could not take the same liberty.
[2] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c.

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Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth[1] from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night,—whose black, contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumor of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee,—and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favor and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness[2] and irregular course,

[1] i. e. *dissolveth.*
[2] *Rankness*, as applied to a river, here signifies *exuberant, ready to overflow;* as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *wanton wildness.*

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Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right[1] in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight!
And happy newness,[2] that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

SCENE V. *The same. The* French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS *and his* Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set;
But staid, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measured backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering[3] colors clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the dauphin?
Lew. Here:—What news?
Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.
Lew. Ah, foul, shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

[1] Immediate. [2] Innovation.
[3] *Tottering* colors is the reading of the old copy, which was altered to *tattered* by Johnson, who is followed by the subsequent editors. To *totter*, in old language, was to *waver*, to *shake* with a tremulous motion, as colors would do in the wind. "To *tottre* (says Baret), nutare, vacillare, see shake and wagge."

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Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter,[1] and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An open Place in the Neighborhood of* Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly or I shoot.
Bast. A friend.—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect[2] thought!
I will, upon all hazards, well believe,
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night[3]
Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

[1] i. e. keep in your allotted posts or stations.
[2] i. e. a *well-informed* one.
[3] The old copy reads "*endless* night." The emendation was made by Theobald.

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Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.[1]
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure[2] known of this
Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!——
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of* Swinstead Abbey.

Enter PRINCE HENRY,[3] SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)

[1] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years of the event, mentions this improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wylkes is the first who mentions it in his Chronicle as a *report*. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark, of a fever.

[2] i. e. less speedily, after some delay.

[3] Prince Henry was only nine years old when his father died.

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Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance,[1] will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible;[2] and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing.——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and* Attendants, *who bring in* KING JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

[1] *Continuance* here means *continuity*. Bacon uses it in that sense also.
[2] The old copy reads *invisible*. Sir T. Hanmer proposed the reading admitted into the text.

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P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poisoned,—ill fare; dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much;
I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait,[1]
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.
P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent emotion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.
K. John. O, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module[2] of confounded royalty.
Bast. The dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.[3] [*The King dies.*

[1] Narrow, avaricious.
[2] *Module* and model were only different modes of spelling the same word. Model signified, not an archetype, after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype, a *copy*. Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616, explains "*model*, the platform, or form of any thing."
[3] This untoward accident really happened to king John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost, by an inundation, all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia.

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Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.——
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we.
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatched
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so;—and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interred;[1]
For so he willed it.

[1] In crastino S. Lucæ Johannes Rex Angliæ in castro de Newark obiit, et sepultus est in ecclesia Wigorniensi inter corpora S. Oswaldi et sancti [Wolstani] Chronic. sive Annal. Prioratus de Dunstable, edit. a T. Hearne, t. i. p. 173. A stone coffin, containing the body of king John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.

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Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.[1]—
This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

1 "As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the time in superfluous sorrow."

THE tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

JOHNSON.

To these remarks of Johnson, it may be added, that the grief of Constance for the loss of Arthur is probably indebted for much of its characteristic truth to the calamity which Shakspeare had himself sustained, by the death of his only son, who had attained the age of twelve, and died the year this play was produced.

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

In the construction of this play, Shakspeare has followed Holinshed, his usual historical authority. Some passages of the Chronicle are transplanted into the drama with very little alteration.

It has been suspected that there was an old play on the subject of King Richard II. which the Poet might have seen. Sir Gillie Merrick, who was concerned in the harebrained business of the earl of Essex, is accused of having procured to be played before the conspirators "the play of the deposing of Richard the Second: when it was told him by one of the players that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was!" It seems probable, from a passage in the State Trials, quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, that this old play bore the title of King Henry IV., and not King Richard II., and it could not be Shakspeare's King Henry IV., as that commences a year after the death of King Richard. "It may seem strange (says Malone) that this old play should have been represented after Shakspeare's drama on the same subject had been printed. The reason undoubtedly was, that, in the old play, the deposing of King Richard II. made a part of the exhibition; but in the first edition of Shakspeare's play, one hundred and fifty-four lines, describing a kind of trial of the king, and his actual deposition in parliament, were omitted; nor was it probably represented on the stage. Merrick, Cuffe, and the rest of Essex's train, naturally preferred the play in which his *deposition* was represented, their plot not aiming at the life of the queen. It is, I know, commonly thought that the parliament scene, as it is called, which was first printed in the 4to of 1608, was an addition made by Shakspeare to this play after its first representation; but it seems to me more probable that it was written with the rest, and suppressed in

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the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth; against whom the pope had published a bull in the preceding year, exhorting her subjects to take up arms against her. In 1599, Hayward published his History of the first year of King Henry IV., which is in fact nothing more than a history of the deposing of King Richard II. The displeasure which that book excited at court sufficiently accounts for the omitted lines not being inserted in the copy of this play which was published in 1602.* Hayward was heavily censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison. In 1608, when James was quietly and firmly settled on the throne, and the fear of internal commotion, or foreign invasion, no longer subsisted, neither the author, the managers of the theatre, nor the bookseller, could entertain any apprehension of giving offence to the sovereign: the rejected scene was therefore restored without scruple, and from some playhouse copy probably found its way to the press."†

Malone places the date of its composition in 1593; Mr. Chalmers in 1596. The play was first entered on the Stationers' books by Andrew Wise, August 29, 1597; and there were four quarto editions published during the life of Shakspeare, viz. in 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615.

This play may be considered the first link in the chain of Shakspeare's historical dramas, which Schlegel thinks the Poet designed to form one great whole, "as it were an historical, heroic poem, of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies."

"In King Richard the Second, the Poet exhibits to us a noble, kingly nature, at first obscured by levity and the errors of unbridled youth, and afterwards purified by misfortune, and rendered more highly splendid and illustrious. When he has lost the love and reverence of his subjects, and is on the point of losing also his throne, he then feels with painful inspiration the elevated vocation of the kingly dignity, and its prerogatives over personal merit and changeable institutions. When the earthly crown has fallen from off his head, he first appears as a king whose innate nobility no humiliation can annihilate. This is felt by a poor groom: he is shocked that his master's favorite horse should have carried the proud Bolingbroke at his coronation; he visits the captive king in his prison, and shames the desertion of the great. The political history of the deposition is represented with extraordinary knowledge of the world,—the ebb of fortune on the one hand, and the swelling tide on the other, which carries every thing along with it: while Bolingbroke acts as a king, and his ad-

* This is a mistake of Mr. Malone's. There is no quarto copy of the date of 1602. He probably meant the edition of 1598.

† Malone's Chronology of Shakspeare's plays.

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herents behave towards him as if he really were so, he still continues to give out that he comes with an armed band, merely for the sake of demanding his birthright and the removal of abuses. The usurpation has been long completed before the word is pronounced, and the thing publicly avowed. John of Gaunt is a model of chivalrous truth: he stands there like a pillar of the olden time which he had outlived." *

This drama abounds in passages of eminent poetical beauty; among which every reader will recollect the pathetic description of Richard's entrance into London with Bolingbroke, of which Dryden said that "he knew nothing comparable to it in any other language;" John of Gaunt's praise of England,

"Dear for her reputation through the world;"

and Mowbray's complaint at being banished for life.

* Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii. p. 224.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
EDMUND *of* Langley, *Duke of* York, } *Uncles to the*
JOHN *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaster, } *King.*
HENRY, *surnamed* BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of* Hereford, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt; *afterwards* King Henry IV.
Duke of Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
MOWBRAY, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } *Creatures to* King Richard.
GREEN, }
Earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, *his Son.*
Lord Ross. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.
Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal; *and another* Lord.
SIR PIERCE *of* Exton. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of Gloster.
Duchess of York.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersedly in* England *and* Wales.

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KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN *of* GAUNT, *and other* Nobles *with him.*

King Richard. OLD[1] John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,[2]
Brought hither Henry Hereford,[3] thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

1 "*Old* John of Gaunt, *time-honored* Lancaster." Our ancestors, in their estimate of old age, appear to have reckoned somewhat differently from us, and to have considered men as *old* whom we should now esteem as *middle-aged.* With them, every man that had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man. John of Gaunt, at the period when the commencement of this play is laid (1398), was only fifty-eight years old: he died in 1399, aged fifty-nine. This may have arisen from its being customary in former times to enter life at an earlier period than we do now. Those who married at fifteen, had at fifty been masters of a house and family for thirty-five years.

2 When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. *Band* and *bond* were formerly synonymous.

3 In the old play, and in Harding's Chronicle, Bolingbroke's title is written *Herford* and *Harford.* This was the pronunciation of our Poet's time, and he therefore uses this word as a dissyllable.

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Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aimed at your highness; no inveterate malice.
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak.—
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
High stomached are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* BOLINGBROKE[1] *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness,
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come:[2]
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, (Heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee;
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

[1] Drayton asserts that Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, was not distinguished by the name of Bolingbroke till after he had assumed the crown. He is called earl of Hereford by the old historians, and was surnamed Bolingbroke from having been born at the town of that name in Lincolnshire, about 1366.

[2] i. e. "by the cause you come *on*." The suppression of the preposition has been shown to have been frequent with Shakspeare.

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Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword[1] may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain.
The blood is hot that must be cooled for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hushed, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had returned
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,[2]
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale, trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,

[1] My *right-drawn* sword is my sword drawn in a right or just cause.
[2] i. e. uninhabitable.

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As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worst devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit[1] us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detained for lewd[2] employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was surveyed by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;[3]
Suggest[4] his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;

[1] To inherit, in the language of Shakspeare, is to *possess.*

[2] *Lewd* formerly signified *knavish, ungracious, naughty, idle,* beside its now general acceptation.

[3] Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III., who was murdered at Calais in 1397.

[4] i. e. *prompt* them, set them on by injurious hints.

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And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,[1]
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbor-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserved I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.[2]
Now swallow down that lie.——For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not, but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honorable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life—
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last received the sacrament,

[1] Reproach to his ancestry.

[2] The duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward, earl of Rutland (the Aumerle of this play), to go to France in the year 1395, to demand in marriage Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI., then between seven and eight years of age. Richard was married to his young consort in November, 1396, at Calais; his first wife, Anne, daughter of Charles IV., emperor of Germany, died at Shene, on Whit Sunday, 1394. His marriage with Isabella was merely political: it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England for thirty years.

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I did confess it; and exactly begged
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault. As for the rest appealed,[1]
It issues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me.
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;[2]
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age.
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?[3]
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.[4]

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave)[5]
To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.

[1] Charged.

[2] Pope thought that some of the rhyming verses in this play were not from the hand of Shakspeare.

[3] This abrupt elliptical exclamation of impatience is again used in the Taming of the Shrew:—"Why, *when*, I say! Nay, good, sweet Kate, be merry." It appears to be equivalent to "when will such a thing be done?"

[4] "There is no *boot*," or it *booteth* not, is as much as to say resistance would be *profitless*.

[5] i. e. my name that lives on my grave in despite of death.

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I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled[1] here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venomed spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood;
Give me his gage;—Lions make leopards[2] tame.
Nor. Yea, but not change their[3] spots; take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barred up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dared dastard! Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face
[*Exit* GAUNT.
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

1 *Baffled*, in this place, signifies "abused, reviled, reproached in base terms;" which was the ancient signification of the word, as well as to deceive or circumvent.

2 There is an allusion here to the crest of Norfolk, which was a *golden leopard*.

3 The old copies have "*his* spots." The alteration was made by Pope.

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At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.
Since we cannot atone[1] you, we shall see
Justice design[2] the victor's chivalry.—
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the* Duke *of* Lancaster's *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT, *and* Duchess *of* Gloster.[3]

Gaunt. Alas! the part[4] I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when he sees[5] the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,

[1] i. e. make them friends, reconcile them.
[2] To *design* is to *mark out*, to *show* by a token. It is the sense of the Latin *designo*.
[3] The duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of duke Thomas, son of Edward III.
[4] i. e. my relationship of consanguinity to Gloster.
[5] The old copy erroneously reads "Who, when *they see*."

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By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashioned thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair;
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life,
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for Heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caused his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?[1]

Gaunt. To Heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight;
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff, recreant to my cousin Hereford!

[1] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter; but it is here used as a verb active. It is a literal translation of the old French phrase *me complaindre*, and is not peculiar to Shakspeare.

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Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more.—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all.—Nay, yet depart not so:
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy[1] visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,[2]
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what cheer there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Gosford Green, *near* Coventry. *Lists set out, and a throne.* Heralds, *&c. attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal, *and* AUMERLE.[3]

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

1 Her house in Essex.

2 In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenterhooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family.

3 The duke of Norfolk was earl marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the duke of Surry (Thomas Holland) officiated. Shakspeare has made a slight mistake by introducing that nobleman as a distinct person from the marshal in the present drama. Edward, duke of *Aumerle* (so created by his cousin-german, Richard II., in 1397), was the eldest son of Edward, duke of York, fifth son of Edward III., officiated as high constable at the lists of Coventry. He was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415.

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Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his throne;* GAUNT, *and several* Noblemen, *who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK, *in armor, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms.
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
As so defend thee Heaven, and thy valor!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;[1]
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which Heaven defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my[2] succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!
[*He takes his seat.*

1 The duke of Hereford, being the appellant, entered the lists first, according to the historians.
2 "*His* succeeding issue" is the reading of the first folio: the quartos all read *my*.

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Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armor; preceded by a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by Heaven's grace, and my body's valor,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear;

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As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.——
My loving lord, [*To* lord marshal.] I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
[*To* GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armor with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'havior of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse, pernicious enemy.
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and Saint George to thrive!
[*He takes his seat.*

Nor. [*Rising.*] However Heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden, uncontrolled enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.

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As gentle and as jocund as to jest,[1]
Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valor couched in thine eye.——
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
[*The* King *and the* Lords *return to their seats.*
Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—
Amen.
Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an* Officer.] to Thomas
duke of Norfolk.
1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combat-
ants. [*A charge sounded.*
Stay; the king hath thrown his warder[2] down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.
[*A long flourish.*

[1] To *jest* in old language sometimes signified *to play a part in a mask.*
[2] A *warder* was a kind of truncheon or staff carried by persons who presided at these single combats; the throwing down of which seems to have been a solemn act of prohibition to stay proceedings. A different movement of the warder had an opposite effect.

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Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil[1] wounds ploughed up with neighbors' swords;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet, infant breath of gentle sleep;[2]]
Which so roused up with boisterous, untuned drums,
With harsh, resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories.——
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
The fly-slow[3] hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word[4] of—*never to return*,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

1 Capel's copy of the quarto edition of this play reads, "Of *cruel* wounds," &c. Malone's copy of the same edition, and all the other editions, read "Of *civil* wounds," &c.

2 The five lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

3 The old copies read "*sly-slow* hours." Pope reads "*fly-slow* hours," which has been admitted into the text. It is, however, remarkable that Pope, in the fourth book of his Essay on Man, v. 226, has employed the epiphe: which, in the present instance, he has rejected.

4 *Word*, for *sentence*; any short phrase was called a *word*.

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Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlooked for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit,[1] not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,
Doubly portcullised, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailer to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;[2]
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
[*Retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to Heaven
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer.—
You never shall (so help you truth and Heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;

[1] Shakspeare uses *merit*, in this place, in the sense of *reward*. The word is used in the same sense by Prior.

[2] *Compassionate* is apparently here used in the sense of *complaining, plaintive;* but no other instance of the word in this sense has occurred to the commentators. May it not be an error of the press, for "*so passionate*"?

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Nor never by advised[1] purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy.[2]—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepúlchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land.
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, beár not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.
Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished, as from hence!
But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*[3]
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspéct
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away.—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*To* BOLING.] with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exíle.
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,

1 Premeditated, deliberated.
2 The first folio reads "So *fare.*" This line seems to be addressed by way of caution to Mowbray, lest he should think that Bolingbroke was about to conciliate him.
3 The duke of Norfolk went to Venice, "where for thought and melancholy he deceased."—*Holinshed.*

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Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give.
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banished upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party[1] verdict gave.
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild;[2]
A partial slander[3] sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroyed.
Alas, I looked, when some of you should say
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so,
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. Rich. *and* Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,

[1] Had a part or share in it.
[2] This couplet is wanting in the folio.
[3] i. e. the reproach of partiality.

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When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make[1]
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven[2] visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honor,
And not—the king exiled thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strewed;[3]

1 This speech and that which follows are not in the folio.
2 i. e. the sun.
3 We have other allusions to the practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence-chamber*, in Shakspeare.

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The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the* King's *Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did observe.[2]—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

[1] Dr. Johnson thought that the first act should end here.

[2] The king here addressed Green and Bagot, who, we may suppose, had been talking to him of Bolingbroke's "courtship to the common people," at the time of his departure. "Yes," says Richard, "we did observe it."

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Aum. 'Faith, none by[1] me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthened hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy,[2] Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people;—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,[3]
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*

[1] The first folio and the quarto of 1597 read "'Faith, none *for* me." The emendation was made in the folio, 1623.

[2] The earlier quarto copies read, "Ourself and Bushy," and no more. The folio:—

"Ourself, and Bushy here, Bagot, and Greene.

In the quarto, the stage-direction says, "Enter the King, with *Bushie*," &c.; but in the folio, "Enter the King, Aumerle," &c., because it was observed that Bushy comes in afterward. On this account we have adopted a transposition made in the quarto of 1634.

[3] To illustrate this, it should be remembered that *courtesying* (the act of reverence now confined to women) was anciently practised by men.

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As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland:—
Expedient[1] manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for[2] our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely-house.
K. Rich. Now put it, Heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him;
'Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] Shakspeare often uses *expedient* for *expeditious*; but here its ordinary signification of *fit, proper*, will suit the context equally well.
[2] i. e. cause.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in Ely-house.* GAUNT *on a couch; the* DUKE OF YORK,[1] *and others standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstayed youth.
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze;
More are men's ends marked, than their lives before:
The setting sun and music at the close,[2]
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopped with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy, apish nation

[1] Edmond, duke of York, was the fifth son of Edward III., and was born, in 1441, at Langley, near St. Albans, Herts; whence he had his surname. "He was of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion."—*Lowth's William of Wykeham*, p. 205.

[2] Mason suggests the following punctuation of this passage. He considers the word *last* as a verb.

The setting sun, and music at the close,
(As the last taste of sweet is sweetest,) last
Writ in remembrance more, than things long past.

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Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzzed into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.[1]
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed,[2] and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it,)

[1] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding.
[2] i. e. by *reason of* their breed. The quarto of 1598 reads thus:—
"Feared by their breed, and famous *for* their birth."

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Like to a tenement, or pelting[1] farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD *and* Queen;[2] AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS,[3] *and* WILLOUGHBY.[4]

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young, hot colts, being raged,[5] do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old.
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched;
Watching breeds leanness; leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inhabits nought but bones.

1 "In this 22d yeare of King Richard, the common fame ranne that the king had *letten to farme* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Greene, Knightes."—*Fabian.* *Pelting* is paltry, pitiful, petty.

2 Shakspeare has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the period at which the commencement of the play is laid; and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death.

3 i. e. William lord Ross, of Hamlake, afterwards lord treasurer to Henry IV.

4 William lord Willoughby, of Eresby.

5 Ritson proposes to read:—

"—— being *reined*, do rage the more."

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K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living, flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O, no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee, seeing ill.
Thy deathbed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land;
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
Which art possessed[1] now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king;
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;[2]
And thou——

K. Rich. ——a lunatic, lean-witted fool,

[1] Mad.

[2] "Thy legal state, that rank in the state and these large desmesnes, which the constitution allotted thee, are now bondslave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every ordinary, pelting farm that has been let on lease."

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Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapped out, and drunkenly caroused.
My brother Gloster, plain, well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they[1] to live, that love and honor have
[*Exit, borne out by his* Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him.
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true; as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

[1] i. e. *let them love* to live, &c.

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be:[1]
So much for that.——Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough, rug-headed kernes:[2]
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.[3]
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed
York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,[4] nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so looked he,
Accomplished with the number of thy hours;[5]
But, when he frowned, it was against the French,
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that

[1] That is, "our pilgrimage *is yet to come.*"
[2] *Kernes* were Irish peasantry, serving as light-armed foot-soldiers.
[3] Alluding to the idea that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland.
[4] When the duke of Hereford went into France, after his banishment, he was honorably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.
[5] i. e. when he was of thy age.

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Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery,[1] and deny his offered homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while; my liege, farewell.
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

[1] On the death of every person who held by knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's; but if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, i. e. *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. To "*deny his offered homage*" was to refuse to admit the homage by which he was to hold his lands.

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K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always loved us well.—
Come on, our queen; to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish*

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, *and* Bagot.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore Heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pilled[1] with grievous taxes,

[1] Pillaged.

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And quite lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devised;
As blanks,[1] benevolences, and I wot not what.
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warred he hath not,
But basely yielded, upon compromise,
That which his ancestors achieved with blows.
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banished duke.
North. His noble kinsman; most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

[1] Stow records that Richard II. "compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seales to *blankes*, to the end he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once; some of the commons paid him 1000 marks, some 1000 pounds," &c.

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In Brittany, received intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard, earl of Arundel,][1]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All these well furnished by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp[2] out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! Urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad.
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

[1] The line in brackets, which was necessary to complete the sense, has been supplied upon the authority of Holinshed. Something of a similar import must have been omitted by accident in the old copies.

[2] When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called "to *imp* a hawk."

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Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like pérspectives,[1] which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form. So your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, looked on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think[2]—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less. Conceit is still derived

1 This may have reference to that kind of optical delusion called *anamorphosis;* which is a *perspective* projection of a picture, so that at one point of view, it shall appear a confused mass, or different to what it really is; in another, an exact and regular representation. Sometimes it is made to appear confused to the naked eye, and regular when viewed in a *glass or mirror* of a certain form.

2 The old copies have "*on* thinking," which is an evident error: we should read, "As though *in* thinking;" i. e. "though musing, I have no idea of calamity." The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind which every one has sometimes felt, is here very forcibly described.

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From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen.—
I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,[1]
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!
Green. O, madam, 'tis too true; and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?[2]
Green. We have; whereon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke

[1] *Retired*, i. e. drawn it back; a French sense.
[2] The first quarto, 1597, reads:—
"And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?"
The folio, and the quarto of 1598 and 1608:—
"And the rest *of the revolting* faction, traitors?"

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Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping, new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!——
Uncle,
For Heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts.
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.——
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.—
Hold, take my ring.

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Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is it, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do.—I would to Heaven
(So my untruth[1] had not provoked him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's[2]—
What, are there posts despatched for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,[3]—cousin, I would say; pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*To the* Servant.] get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armor that is there.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other, again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.
I should to Plashy too;——
But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.
Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,

[1] Disloyalty, treachery.
[2] Not one of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the king or any one else. Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was smothered between two beds at Calais.
[3] York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.

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Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.
Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemned.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.
Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell; if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Wilds in* Glostershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

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These high, wild hills, and rough, uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel;
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy,[1] is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoyed. By this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

[1] To *joy* is here used as a verb; it is equivalent with *to rejoice.* "*To joy*, to clap hands, to rejoyce."—*Baret.*

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North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
My heart this covenant makes; my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banished traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,
Shall be your love and labor's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labor to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

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Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;[1]
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honor out.—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,[2]
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle!—
York. Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor uncle me.[3]
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why:——why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,

1 "Your message, you say, is to my lord of *Hereford.* My answer is, It is not to him; it is to the *duke of Lancaster.*"
2 Time of the king's absence.
3 In Romeo and Juliet we have the same kind of phraseology:—
"Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds."

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And ostentation of despised[1] arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason.
Thou art a banished man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banished, I was banished Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent[2] eye.
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.

[1] Perhaps Shakspeare here uses *despised* for *hated* or *hateful* arms. Sir Thomas Hanmer changed it to *despiteful;* but the old copies all agree in reading *despised.* Shakspeare uses the word again in a singular sense in Othello, Act i. Sc. 1, where Brabantio exclaims upon the loss of his daughter:—

"——— what's to come of my *despised* time
Is nought but bitterness."

It has been suggested that "*despised* is used to denote the general contempt in which the British held the French forces. The duke of Bretagne furnished Bolingbroke with three thousand French soldiers."

[2] *Indifferent* is *impartial.* The instances of this use of the word among the Poet's contemporaries are very numerous.

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You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs,[1] and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrained, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employed.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law. Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon[2] to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labored all I could to do him right.
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own; and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left.
But, if I could,—by him that gave me life!—
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—

1 *Wrongs* is probably here used for *wrongers*.

2 Steevens explains the phrase, "*It stands your grace upon*," to mean, "it is your interest; it is matter of consequence to you." But hear Baret—"The heyre is bound; the heyre ought, or it is the heyre's part to defend; *it standeth him upon*; or is in his charge. *Incumbit defensio mortis hæredi.*" The phrase is therefore equivalent to *it is incumbent upon your grace.*

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Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress, are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.[1] *A Camp in* Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, *and a* Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman.
The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

[1] Johnson thought this scene had been, by some accident, transposed, and that it should stand as the *second* scene in the *third* act.

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Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS. Officers *behind, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean.[1]
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,[2]
And stained the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth,

[1] i. e. quite, completely.
[2] There seems to be no authority for this. Isabel, Richard's second queen, was but nine years old at this period; his first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and he was very fond of her.

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Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,——
Have stooped my neck under your injuries,
And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my seigniories,
Disparked[1] my parks, and felled my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress,[2] leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them delivered over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them despatched.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others, with* Prisoners.

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For Heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated.
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be delivered.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatched
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*[3]

[1] To *dispark* signifies to divest a park of its name and character, by destroying the inclosures, and the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood), and the beasts of the chase therein; laying it open.

[2] The *impress* was a device, or motto.

[3] Johnson says, "here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act."

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SCENE II. *The Coast of* Wales. *A Castle in view. Flourish: drums and trumpets.*

Enter KING RICHARD, *Bishop of* Carlisle, AUMERLE, *and* Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you[1] this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.——
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favor with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul, rebellious arms.
Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,

[1] The quarto of 1597 reads *they*.

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And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffered means of succor and redress.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and[1] lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revelled in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord;
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,

1 The old copies read "*that* lights," &c. The alteration was made by Johnson.

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And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard[1] majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favorites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care!
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

[1] The first quarto reads "*coward* majesty."

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We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable, stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard, bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have armed their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff, unwieldy arms against thy crown;
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew[1] against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat; both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill:
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart,
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

[1] *Yew* is called *double-fatal*, because of the poisonous quality of the leaves, and on account of the wood being used for instruments of death.

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Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.—
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved[1] in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model[2] of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murdered.—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,

[1] i. e. *buried.* The verb is not peculiar to Shakspeare.

[2] A *small model*, or *module*,—for they were the same in Shakspeare's time,—seems to mean, in this place, a *small portion* or *quantity.* It is a Latinism, from "*modulus*, the *measure* or *quantity* of a thing."

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Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition,[1] form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while.
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends.—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;[2]
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is overblown;
An easy task it is, to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.—
Your uncle York hath joined with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

1 *Tradition* here seems to mean *traditional practices*, i. e. *established* or *customary homage*.

2 That is, to *die fighting* is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers.

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K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.——
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[*To* AUMERLE.
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear[1] the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers; let them hence.—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Wales. *A Plain before* Flint *Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colors, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland
To say—king Richard.—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes me;[2] only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,

[1] To *ear* the land is to *till* it, to *plough* it.
[2] The word *me*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Hanmer.

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Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head,[1] your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mis-take; the Heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well,[2] Harry; what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king. King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:
Harry Bolingbroke
Upon his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repealed,
And lands restored again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

[1] Johnson declares that the meaning of this phrase is, taking undue liberties.
[2] The old copy reads, "*Welcome*, Harry:" the emendation is Hanmer's.

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Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen;
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh, green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *advances to the castle, with a trumpet.*
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's tottered[1] battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parley sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter, on the walls, KING RICHARD, *the* Bishop *of* Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,[2]
As doth the blushing, discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

[1] *Tottered*, the reading of the two first quartos, is here probably used for *tottering*, according to the frequent usage of our Poet. The other copies read *tattered*.

[2] The six first lines of this speech are erroneously given to Bolingbroke, in the old copies.

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K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my Master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;[1]
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rushed upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honorable tomb he swears,

[1] i. e. England's flowery face; or, according to Warburton, the choicest youth of England.

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That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honor of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no furthur scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on the royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplished without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
[*To* AUMERLE.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth![1] O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!

[1] *Sooth* is *sweet*, as well as *true*. In this place, *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*. Thus, to *soothe* still means to calm and sweeten the mind.

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Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel,[1] for an alms-man's gown;
My figured goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little, little grave, an obscure grave;—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,[2] where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'st. My tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus:—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digged their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—

1 Richard's expense in regard to dress was very extraordinary. "He had one coate which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 3000 marks."—*Holinshed.*

2 "Some way of common *trade*" is some way of frequent resort, a common course; as, at present, "a road of much traffic," i. e. frequent resort.

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Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? Will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg,[1] and Bolingbroke says—ay.[2]
North. My lord, in the base[3] court he doth attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come down?
K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaëton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTH. *retires to* BOLING.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt from above.*
Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly,[4] like a frantic man.
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his* Attendants, *below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.——
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head.*] although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

[1] A bow.
[2] It should be remembered that the affirmative particle *ay*, was formerly written and sounded *I*, which rhymed well with *die*.
[3] That is, the *lower court* of the castle (*basse cour*, Fr.).
[4] Foolishly.

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K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve;—they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.[1]
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Langley. Duke *of* York's *Garden.*

Enter the Queen *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.[2]
1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 "The duke, with a sharpe high voyce bade bring forth the king's horses; and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth: the king was set on one, and the earle of Salisburie on the other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucester's sonne (that loved him but little, for he had put their father to death,) who led him straight to the castle."—Stowe (p. 521. edit. 1605), from a manuscript account written by a person who was present.

2 *The bias* was a weight inserted in one side of a bowl, which gave it a particular inclination in bowling.

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1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?[1]
1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl,
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.[2]
1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep,[3] would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.
[Queen *and* Ladies *retire.*
Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricots,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight!
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.——

[1] All the old copies read, "Of sorrow or of grief." Pope made the necessary alteration.
[2] See note on Act i. Sc. 2.
[3] The old copies read, "And I could *sing*." The emendation is Pope's.

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You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots [1] disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace!—
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are plucked up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
1 *Serv.* What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king.—O! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land,
As we this garden! We [2] at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself.
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
1 *Serv.* What, think you, then, the king shall be deposed?
Gard. Depressed he is already; and deposed,

[1] *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersected each other, in the old fashion of gardening.
[2] *We* is not in the old copy. It was added by Malone.

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'Tis doubt,[1] he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. O, I am pressed to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeness, [*Coming from her concealment.*
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is deposed?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch
Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weighed.
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet, at London, London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

[1] This uncommon phraseology has already occurred in the present play.

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Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop[1] a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. London. Wesminster Hall.[2] *The* Lords *spiritual on the right side of the throne; the* Lords *temporal on the left; the* Commons *below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY,[3] NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, Bishop *of* Carlisle, Abbot *of* Westminster, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind, with* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:——
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who performed
The bloody office of his timeless[4] end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue

[1] The quarto of 1597 reads *fall*. The quarto of 1598 and the folio read *drop*.

[2] The rebuilding of Westminster hall, which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

[3] Thomas Holland, earl of Kent, brother to John Holland, earl of Exeter, was created duke of Surrey in 1597. He was half-brother to the king, by his mother Joan, who married Edward the Black Prince after the death of her second husband, Thomas lord Holland.

[4] i. e. untimely.

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Scorns to unsay what once it hath delivered.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blessed this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars,[1]
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honor soiled
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.——
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. I say thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base,
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moved me so.
Fitz. If that thy valor stand on sympathies,[2]
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

[1] The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by *stars*, therefore the Poet takes *stars* for birth.

[2] Fitzwater throws down his gage as a pledge of battle, and tells Aumerle that if he stands upon sympathies, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature; and hence the Poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

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Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damned to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest. His honor is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollaed in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? By Heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.[1]
Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'Tis very true. You were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.
Surrey. As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonorable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,[2]
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,

1 The preceding eight lines are not in the folio of 1623.
2 I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him.

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To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,[1]
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies. Here do I throw down this,[2]
If he may be repealed to try his honor.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repealed; repealed he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his land and seigniories. When he's returned,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honorable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,[3]
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked Richard; who with willing soul

[1] i. e. in this world, where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has just called him *boy.*

[2] Holinshed says that on this occasion he threw down a hood that he had borrowed.

[3] This is not historically true. The duke of Norfolk's death did not take place till after Richard's.

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Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.[1]
Car. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence, may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
'Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobless[2] would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,[3]
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid[4] it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by Heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called

1 Hume gives the words that Henry actually spoke on this occasion, which he copied from Knyghton.
2 i. e. *nobleness*; a word now obsolete.
3 This speech, which contains in the most expressive terms the doctrine of passive obedience, is founded upon Holinshed's account.
4 The quarto reads *forfend*.

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The field of Golgotha, and dead mens' skulls.
O, if you rear [1] this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child's child's children [2] cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.[3]

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To* CAR.
And little looked for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with* KING RICHARD, and Officers, *bearing the crown*, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow and bend my knee: [4]
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favors [5] of these men. Were they not mine?

[1] The quarto reads *raise*.

[2] Pope altered this to "children's children," and was followed by others. The old copies read, "Lest child, childs children."

[3] What follows, almost to the end of the act, is not found in the first two quartos. The addition was made in the quarto of 1608. In the quarto, 1597, after the words "his day of trial," the scene thus closes:—

"*Bol.* Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next
We solemnly proclaim our coronation.
Lords, be ready all."

[4] The quarto reads *limbs*.

[5] Countenances, features.

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Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well, then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,——
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here on this side, my hand; and on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes[1] two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water.
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care, by old care done;[2]
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend[3] the crown, yet still with me they stay.

[1] Owns.
[2] Richard seems to say here that "his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares;"—"his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of care to which he had been accustomed."
[3] Attend.

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Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be,
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,[1]
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.[2]
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revénues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny.
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made[3] to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved;
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save king Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?
North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon recórd,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,

[1] Oil of consecration.
[2] The first quarto reads *duty's rites.*
[3] Thus the folio. The quarto reads *that swear.*

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And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of Heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort[1] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory base; and sovereignty, a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught,[2] insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurped.—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight;
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his[3] majesty.

Boling. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

1 A *sort* is a *set* or *company.*
2 i. e. *haughty.*
3 *His* for *its.* It was common in the Poet's time to use the personal for the neutral pronoun.

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North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men?[1] Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?[2]
Was this the face, that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;

[1] "To his household came every day to meate ten thousand men."—*Chronicle History.*

[2] The quarto omits this line and the four preceding words.

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There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers[1] are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.[2]

[*Exeunt* K. Rich., *some* Lords, *and a* Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the* Abbot, Bishop *of* Carlisle, *and* Aumerle.

Abbot. A woful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament

1 "To convey" is the word for sleight of hand or juggling. Richard means that it is a term of contempt—"*jugglers* are you all."

2 This is the last of the additional lines first printed in the quarto of 1608. In the first editions there is no personal appearance of king Richard.

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To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.—
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter Queen *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,[1]
To whose flint-bosom my condemned lord
Is doomed a prisoner, by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and* Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither. Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map[2] of honor; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,[3]

[1] By *ill-erected* is probably meant *erected for evil purposes.*
[2] *Map* is used for *picture.* In the Rape of Lucrece, Shakspeare calls sleep "the *map* of death."
[3] *Inn* does not, probably, here mean a house of public entertainment, but a *dwelling* or *lodging* generally; in which sense the word was anciently used.

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Queen to Richard II.

QUEEN RICHARD II.
Aug. 1st 1840.

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Why should hard-favored grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this; I am sworn brother,[1] sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister there in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Deposed thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpowered; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly; kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France;
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit[2] their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall[3] of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out;

1 *Sworn brother* alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who, in the age of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together.
2 To *requite* their mournful stories.
3 The quarto of 1597 reads *tale*.

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And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the tower.——
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland. I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas,[1] or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

[1] All Hallows, i. e. All Saints, Nov. 1. Mason suggests the propriety of reading "or shortest day."

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Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me
North. [1]That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.[2]
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.
[*They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.[3]
[*Kiss again.*
So now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the* Duke *of* York's *Palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* Duchess.[4]

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

[1] The quartos give this speech to the king.
[2] Never the nigher, i. e. "it is better to be at a great distance, than, being near each other, to find that we are yet not likely to be peaceably and happily united."
[3] So in King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2:—
"—— the king hath *killed his heart.*"
[4] The first wife of Edward duke of York was Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and

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York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude, misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—*God save thee, Bolingbroke!*
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen;*
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,[1]
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

had by her the duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her, the Poet has departed widely from history; for she died in 1394, four or five years before the events related in the present play. After her death, York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.

[1] "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language." —*Dryden; Pref. to Troilus and Cressida.*

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But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son, Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend;
And, madam, you must call him Rutland[1] now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.
Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropped before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? Hold those jousts and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?[2]
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it;
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,——

1 "The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon."—*Holinshed.*

2 The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment appendant to them.

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Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is entered into
For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a* Servant.] Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.—
Now, by mine honor, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit* Servant.
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer?

Re-enter Servant, *with boots.*

York. Bring me my boots; I will unto the king.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amazed.
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight.—
[*To the* Servant.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

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York. Thou fond, mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here. Then what is that to him?
York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groaned for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind;
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman.
[*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee. Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as king;* PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

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For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained, loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor, to support
So dissolute a crew.[1]

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favor; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both
I see some sparkles[2] of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *hastily.*

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.— [*Exeunt* PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. Forever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

[1] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of king Henry V., to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood, as the Poet has described them. But it has been ably contended by Mr. Luders that the whole story of his dissipation was a fiction. At this period (i. e. 1400) he was but twelve years old, being born in 1388.

[2] The folio reads *sparks.*

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Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but[1] the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire. [AUM. *locks the door.*
York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king.
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past.
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king.
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,[2] immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defiled himself!

[1] The old copies read "If *on*," &c. Pope made the alteration.
[2] *Sheer* is *pellucid, transparent.*

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Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies.
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. [*Within.*] What, ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begged before.
Boling. Our scene is altered,—from a serious thing,
And now changed to *The Beggar and the King.*—[1]
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for his forgiveness, prosper may.
This festered joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make[2] here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*

[1] It is probable that the old ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" is here alluded to. The reader will find it in the first volume of Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. There may have been a popular interlude on the subject.

[2] i. e. "what dost thou *do* here?"

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Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech
Forever will I kneel[1] upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*
York. Against them both, my true joints bended be
[*Kneels.*
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace![2]
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside;
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never longed to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how.
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy.*[3]
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ay, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—

1 Thus the folio. The quarto copies read *walk.*
2 This line is not in the folio.
3 i. e. excuse me—a phrase used when any thing is civilly declined.

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Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping[1] French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there,
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.[2]

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,[3]—and the abbot,[4]
With all the rest of that consorted crew,—
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are.
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too,[5] adieu:
Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Thus "*chopping* churches" is *changing* one church for another, and *chopping* logic is discoursing or *interchanging* logic with another. To *chop* and change is still a common idiom.

[2] The old copies read, "I pardon him with all my heart." The transposition was made by Pope.

[3] The brother-in-law meant was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to Edward II.), who had married the lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

[4] i. e. the abbot of Westminster.

[5] *Too*, which is not in the old copies, was added by Theobald for the sake of the metre.

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SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?
Serv. Those were his very words.
Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he; he spake it
twice,
And urged it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully looked on me;
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid[1] his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;[2]
In humors, like the people of this world,

[1] To *rid* and to *despatch* were formerly synonymous, as may be seen in the old dictionaries.
[2] i. e. his own body.

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For no thought is contented. The better sort—
As thoughts of things divine—are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word;[1]
As thus, *Come, little ones;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain, weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person,[2] many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king,
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I kinged again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear

[1] By the *word* is meant the Holy Scriptures. The folio reads, the *faith* itself against the *faith.*

[2] The folio, and other copies, read "in one *prison.*"

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To check[1] time broke in a disordered string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numbering clock;
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar[2]
Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch,[3]
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell. So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours;—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.[4]
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For, though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad;
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou, and how comest thou hither,

1 The folio reads "To *hear*." 2 Tick.

3 It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* or ticking of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial-plate, or *outward watch*, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears (or minute drops, to use an expression of Milton); his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the *dial's point;* his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

4 That is, *I strike for him.* One of these automatons is alluded to in King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 2.

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Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my (sometimes[1] royal) master's face.
O, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dressed!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdained the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-galled, and tired by jauncing[2] Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the* Groom.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

[1] *Sometimes* was used for *former*, as well as *sometime*.

[2] *Jauncing* is *hard riding*, from the old French word *jancer*, which Cotgrave explains, "to stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withal; or (as our) to jaunt."

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Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the* Keeper.
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another, and then* EXTON *strikes him down.*[1]
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*[2]
Exton. As full of valor, as of royal blood.
Both have I spilled! O, 'would the deed were good!

[1] These stage directions are not in the old copies.

[2] The representation here given of the king's death is perfectly agreeable to Hall and Holinshed (who copied from Fabian, with whom the story of Exton is thought to have its origin). But the fact was otherwise. He refused food for several days, and died of abstinence and a broken heart. See Walsingham, Otterburne, the Monk of Evesham, the Continuator of the History of Croyland, and the Godstow Chronicle. His body, after being submitted to public inspection in the church of Pomfret, was brought to London, and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, "his heade on a black cushion, and his visage open," when it was viewed, says Froissart, by twenty thousand persons, and finally in St. Paul's cathedral. Stowe seems to have had before him a manuscript history of the latter part of king Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales. He says "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continual hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England."

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For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Windsor. *A Room in the Castle. Flourish.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* YORK, *with* Lords *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is—that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glocestershire!
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent.[1]
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous, consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

[1] So the folio. The quarto reads, of *Oxford*, *Salisbury*, Blunt, and Kent. The folio is right according to the histories.

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Enter PERCY, *with the* Bishop *of* Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,[1]
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—[2]
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word nor princely favor.

1 This abbot of Westminster was William de Colchester. The relation, which is taken from Holinshed, is untrue, as he survived the king many years; and though called "the grand conspirator," it is very doubtful whether he had any concern in the conspiracy; at least, nothing was proved against him.

2 The bishop of Carlisle was committed to the tower, but, on the intercession of his friends, obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the pope, at the king's instance, translated him to a bishopric *in partibus infidelium*; and the only preferment he could ever after obtain was a rectory in Gloucestershire.

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With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.——
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

This play is one of those which Shakspeare has, apparently, revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labor, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can it be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

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FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

"SHAKSPEARE has, apparently, designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories, from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in the first speech of this play. The complaint made by king Henry, in the last act of King Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters to be exhibited."—*Johnson.*

The historical dramas of Shakspeare have, indeed, become the popular history. Vain attempts have been made by Walpole to vindicate the character of king Richard III., and in later times, by Mr. Luders, to prove that the youthful dissipation ascribed to king Henry V. is without foundation. The arguments are probable and ingeniously urged; but we still cling to our early notions of "that mad-cap—that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales." No plays were ever more read, nor does the inimitable, all-powerful genius of the Poet ever shine out more than in the two parts of King Henry IV. which may be considered as one long drama divided.

The transactions contained in the First Part of King Henry IV. are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald, earl of Douglas, at Holmedon (or Halidown Hill), which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September), 1402; and it closes with the battle of Shrewsbury, on Saturday, the 21st of July, 1403.

Malone places the date of the composition of this play in 1597; Dr. Drake in 1596. It was first entered at Stationers' Hall, February 25, 1597. There are no less than five quarto editions published during the author's life, viz. in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613. For the piece which is supposed to have been its original, the reader is referred to the "Six Old Plays on which Shakspeare founded," &c., published by Steevens and Nichols.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, *Prince of* Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, }
Earl of Westmoreland, } *Friends to the King.*
SIR WALTER BLUNT, }
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of* Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of* Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* Hotspur, *his Son.*
EDWARD MORTIMER, *Earl of* March.
SCROOP, *Archbishop of* York.
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS. GADSHILL.
PETO. BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *Wife to* Hotspur, *and Sister to* Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
MRS. QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in* Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers Travellers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE. England.

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FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King Henry. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds[1] afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil[2]
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock

[1] Strands, banks of the sea.

[2] Upon this passage the reader is favored with three pages of notes in the Variorum Shakspeare. Steevens adopted Monk Mason's bold conjectural emendation, and reads:—

"No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil;"

Mr. Douce proposed to read *entrails* instead of *entrance;* and Steevens once thought that we should read *entrants.* The following explanation of the text is modified from that of Malone.—"No more shall this soil *have* the lips of her thirsty entrance (i. e. surface) daubed with the blood of her own children."

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And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,[1]
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore[2] we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.[3]

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits[4] of the charge set down
But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen[5] done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

[1] To levy a power *to* a place has been shown by Mr. Gifford to be neither unexampled nor corrupt, but good, authorized English.
[2] For that cause.
[3] Expedition.
[4] *Limits* here seem to mean *appointments* or *determinations*.
[5] See Thomas of Walsingham, p. 557, or Holinshed, p. 528.

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K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.
West. This, matched with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holyrood-day,[1] the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy,[2] and brave Archibald,[3]
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As, by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stained with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balked[4] in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas,[5] and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.[6]

[1] i. e. September 14th.

[2] "This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his often pricking, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad."—*Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland*, p. 240.

[3] *Archibald* Douglas, earl Douglas.

[4] *Balked* in their own blood, is *heaped*, or *laid on heaps*, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank of earth standing up between two furrows; and to *balk* was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or banks.

[5] Mordake, earl of Fife, who was son to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the son of earl Douglas, through a mistake, into which the Poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners.

[6] This is a mistake of Holinshed in his English History, for in that of Scotland, pp. 259, 262, 419, he speaks of the earl of Fife and Menteith as one and the same person.

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And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son;
A son, who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,[1]
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake, earl of Fife.
West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;[2]
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;

1 Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the earl of Fife to the king; for, being a prince of the royal blood (son to the duke of Albany, brother to king Robert III.), Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

2 An astrological allusion.

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For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.[1]

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter HENRY, *Prince of* Wales, *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What the devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair, hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.*[2] And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace—(majesty I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty;[3] let us be—Diana's

[1] That is, more is to be said than anger will suffer me to say.

[2] Falstaff, by this expression, evidently alludes to some knight of romance; perhaps "The Knight of the Sun" (el Cavallero del Febo), a popular book in his time.

[3] "Let not us, who are body squires to the night (i. e. adorn the night), be called a disgrace to the day." To take away the beauty of the day, may probably mean to disgrace it. A "squire of the body" originally

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foresters,[1] gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by;[2] and spent with crying—bring in;[3] now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.[4] And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?[5]

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy

signified the attendant of a knight. It became afterwards the cant term for *a pimp*. Falstaff puns on the words *knight* and *beauty*, quasi *booty*.

1 This is the lament of Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in The Mirror for Magistrates. Hall, in his Chronicles, says that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of king Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*.

2 i. e. be still; equivalent to the phrase "stand and deliver."

3 i. e. "bring in more wine."

4 Old lad of the castle. This passage has been supposed to have a reference to the name of sir John *Oldcastle*. Rowe says that there was a tradition that the part of Falstaff was originally written by Shakspeare under that name. Fuller, in his Church History, book iv. p. 168, mentions this change in the following manner:—"Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." In confirmation of this, it may be remarked that one of Falstaff's speeches in the first edition has *Old.* instead of *Falst.* prefixed to it; and in the epilogue to the Second Part of King Henry IV. the Poet makes a kind of retraction for having made too free with sir John Oldcastle's name—"Where, for any thing I know, *Falstaff* shall die of a sweat, unless he be killed with your hard opinions; for *Oldcastle* died a martyr, and *this is not the man*."

5 The *buff*, or leather jerkin, was the common habit of a serjeant, or sheriff's officer, and is called a robe of *durance* on that account, as well as for its durability.

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quips, and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib[1] cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.[2]

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare,[3] or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?[4]

[1] A *gib* cat is a *male* cat, from Gilbert, the northern name for a he cat.

[2] "Lincolnshire bagpipe" is a proverbial saying; the allusion is as yet unexplained. Steevens supposes it to mean "a frog."

[3] The *hare* was esteemed a melancholy animal, from her solitary sitting in her form; its flesh was supposed to generate melancholy.

[4] *Moor-ditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, be-

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Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative,[1] rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle[2] me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, *at a distance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.[3] O, if men were

tween Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome, impassable morass. Thus, in Taylor's Pennylesse Pilgrimage, 1618:—"My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy.*"

[1] *Comparative:* this epithet, which is used here for *one who is fond of making comparisons*, occurs again in Act iii. Sc. 2, of this play.

[2] *To baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy; to unknight.

[3] *To set a match* is to make an appointment. So in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, "Peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are *setting their match.*" The folio reads set a *watch*; *match* is the reading of the quarto.

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to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have visors for you all; you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.[2]

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll be a madcap.

1 Falstaff's favorite beverage, here mentioned for the first time, appears to have been the Spanish wine which we now call *sherry*. Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*; that is, *sack* from *Xeres*.

2 Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*.

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Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer.[1] [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,[2] shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we

[1] i. e. late summer; *All-hallown* tide meaning All-saints, which festival is the first of November.

[2] The old copy reads Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and Gadshill. Theobald thinks that Harvey and Rossil might be the names of the actors who played the parts of *Bardolph* and *Peto*.

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leave them; and sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,[1] to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof[2] of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* POINS.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base, contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;[3]
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

[1] For the *nonce* signified for the *purpose*, for the *occasion*, for the *once*. The editor of the new edition of Warton's History of English Poetry (vol ii. p. 496), has shown that it is nothing more than a slight variation of the Anglo-Saxon "for than ænes;" literally *for the once.*

[2] *Reproof* is *confutation.* To refute, to refel, to disallow, were ancient synonymes of *to reprove.*

[3] *Hopes* is used simply for *expectations;* no uncommon use of the word.

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Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,[1]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier[2] of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
You were about to speak. [*To* NORTH.

[1] *Condition* is used for *nature, disposition,* as well as *estate* or fortune. It is so interpreted by Philips, in his World of Words; and we find it most frequently used in this sense by Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

[2] *Frontier* is said anciently to have meant *forehead.* It may, perhaps, be interpreted "the moody or threatening *outwork;*" in which sense *frontier* is used in Act ii. Sc. 3.

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North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is delivered to your majesty.
Either envy, therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home.[1]
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff;[2]—and still he smiled, and talked;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,

1 The reader should bear in mind that the courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed.*

2 *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up*; but there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff at it*; in familiar, modern speech, to be angry, to take offence. "*To take in snuffe*, Pigliar ombra, Pigliar in mala parte."—*Torriano.*

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Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;[1]
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damned Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent[2] with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,

[1] So in sir T. Overburie's Characters, 1616. [An Ordinarie Fencer,] "his wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an *inward-bruise* lambstones and sweete breads are his only *spermaceti*."

[2] To *indent with fears* is *to enter into compact with cowards*. "To make a covenant or *to indent* with one. Paciscor."—*Baret*.

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Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war.—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound[1] the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who, then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp[2] head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare[3] and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, *and* Train.

1 Shakspeare uses *confound* for *spending* or losing time. *Hardiment* is an obsolete word, signifying *hardiness, courage.*
2 *Crisp* is *curled.* 3 Some of the quarto copies read *base.*

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Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them;—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
North. What, drunk with choler? Stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.
North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To* WORCESTER.
Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale;
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaimed,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?[1]
North. He was; I heard the proclamation.

[1] Roger Mortimer, earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385; but he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed heir apparent by Richard II. previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger, who was then but seven years old: he was not lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower, and the subsequent historians copied him. Sandford says that he married Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund earl of Stafford. Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist lord Grey of Ruthven. Holinshed led Shakspeare into the error. This Edmund, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in 1392, and consequently, at the time when this play is supposed to commence, was little more than ten years old. The prince of Wales was not fifteen.

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And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized, and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet, lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,[1] Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banished honors, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdained[2] contempt

1 The *canker-rose* is the dog-rose, the *flower of the Cynosbaton.*
2 i. e. disdainful.

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Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,——
Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim;
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple.—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.
North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship![1]
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures[2] here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them.
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,

[1] *Half-faced*, something imperfect.
[2] Shapes created by his imagination.

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And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you,
Cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.
And that same sword-and-buckler[1] prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,—
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-tongue[2] and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—

[1] "*Sword-and-buckler prince*," is here used as a term of contempt. The following extracts will help us to the precise meaning of the epithet:—"This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffian's Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*."—*Stowe's Survey of London.*

[2] The first quarto, 1598, reads *wasp-stung*, which Steevens thought the true reading. The quarto of 1599 reads *wasp-tongue*. The folio altered it, unnecessarily, to *wasp-tongued*.

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'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg—
North. At Berkley castle.
Hot. You say true.——
Why, what a candy[1] deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*When his infant fortune came to age,*
And—*gentle Harry Percy,*—and, *kind cousin,*—
O, the devil take such cozeners!——God forgive me!——
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written,—be assured,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND
Your son in Scotland being thus employed,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is't not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,[2]
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.—

[1] i. e. "what a deal of candy courtesy."
[2] Conjecture.

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And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;[1]
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be revenged on him.
Wor. Cousin,[2] farewell.—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly,)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother;—we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] A body of forces.
[2] This was a common address, in Shakspeare's time, to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. See Holinshed, *passim*. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, *with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged. Charles' wain[1] is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.[2]

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.[3]

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.[4]

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

[1] Charles' wain was the vulgar name for the constellation called the *great bear*. It is a corruption of *Chorles* or *Churl's* wain. *Chorl* is frequently used for a *countryman*, in old books, from the Saxon *ceorl*.

[2] "Out of all *cess*" is "out of all measure."

[3] Dr. Farmer thought *tench* a mistake for *trout*; probably alluding to the red spots with which the trout is covered.

[4] Mason suggests that "breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds loaches," may be the meaning of the passage; the loach being reckoned a peculiarly prolific fish.

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2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes[1] of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.[2]—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged.—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—Marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pickpurse.[3]

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from laboring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a frank-

1 Theobald asserts that a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale*. The word is sometimes used for a *fraile*, or little rush-basket, such as figs, raisins, &c. are usually packed in.

2 This is one of the Poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

3 This is a proverbial phrase, frequently used in old plays.

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lin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,[1] I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it. I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,[2] no long-staff, sixpenny strikers;[3] none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers;[4] such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.[5]

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

[1] In a note on The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 1., is an account of the origin of this expression as applied to scholars; and as Nicholas or old Nick is a cant name for the devil, so thieves are equivocally called *Saint Nicholas' clerks.*

[2] Footpads.

[3] A *striker* was a *thief.*

[4] Thus "Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but with 'burgomasters and great ones;' or, as he terms them in merriment, by a cant termination, great *one-y-ers*, or great *one-eers*, as we say *privateer*, auctioneer, *circuiteer.*"

[5] A quibble upon *boots* and *booty.* *Boot* is *profit, advantage.*

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Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her.[1] We steal as in a castle,[2] cock-sure: we have the receipt of fern-seed;[3] we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,[4] as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Road by* Gadshill.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.[5]

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal. What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

1 Alluding to *boots* in the preceding passage. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff says:—"They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me."

2 *As in a castle* was a proverbial phrase for security.

3 *Fern-seed* was supposed to have the power of rendering persons invisible: the seed of fern is itself invisible; therefore to find it was a magic operation, and in the use it was supposed to communicate its own property.

4 *Purchase* was anciently understood in the sense of *gain, profit,* whether legally or illegally obtained.

5 Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff, being thus hardened, quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

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P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire[1] farther afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both! —Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot farther. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt[2] me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have

[1] i. e. the *square* or measure. A carpenter's rule was called a *square* (from *esquierre*, Fr.).

[2] To *colt* is to *trick*, *fool*, or *deceive*; perhaps from the wild tricks of a colt.

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not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt* P. HEN. *and* POINS.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,[1] say I; every man to his business.

[1] i. e. be his lot or portion happiness.

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Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbor; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, forever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied [1] knaves; are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; [2] I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt* FAL. *&c., driving the* Travellers *out.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument [3] for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring; there's no more valor in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the* Prince *and* POINS *set upon them.* FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

[1] *Gorbellied* is *big-paunched,* corpulent.

[2] A term of reproach usually applied to avaricious old citizens. It is of uncertain derivation. Cotgrave interprets "*Un gros marrouſle,* a big cat; also an ouglie luske or clusterfist; also a rich churl or *fat chuffe.*"

[3] *Argument* is subject matter for conversation.

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P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse;
The thieves are scattered, and possessed with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.
Poins. How the rogue roared! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*[1]

——*But, for my own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house, —he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous;*—why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink! But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York[2] commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my

1 This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.
2 Richard Scroop, archbishop of York.

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father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared; I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate?[1] I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banished woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed musing, and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talked
Of sallies, and retires;[2] of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers,[3] parapets;

[1] Shakspeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*), or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate*. Hall and Holinshed call her, erroneously, *Elinor*.

[2] *Retires* are retreats.

[3] *Frontiers* formerly meant, not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along or near those limits.

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J. W. Wright

D. I. Glover & T. Kelly

Lady Percy

HENRY IV
PART 1 Act 2 Sc III

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Of basilisks,[1] of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents [2] of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight. O *esperance!*—[3]
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit* Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are tossed with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

1 *Basilisks* are a species of ordnance, probably so named from the imaginary serpent or dragon, with figures of which it was ordinary to ornament great guns.

2 Occurrences.

3 The motto of the Percy family.

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About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line[1] his enterprise. But if you go——
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,
To play with mammets,[2] and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses, and cracked crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o'horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady. How! so far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate!
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

[1] i. e. to *strengthen.*
[2] *Mammets* were *puppets* or *dolls*, here used by Shakspeare for a *female plaything*; a diminutive of *mam.* Mr. Gifford has thrown out a conjecture about the meaning of *mammets* from the Italian *mammetta*, which signified *a bosom* as well as a *young wench.*

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To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must, of force.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Eastcheap.[1] *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian,[2] a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dyeing scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.[3]—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert

1 *Eastcheap* is selected, with propriety, for the scene of the prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence: a mansion called Cold Harbor (near All Hallows church, Upper Thames street) was granted to Henry prince of Wales. 11 Henry IV. 1410. Rymer, vol. viii. p. 628. In the old, anonymous play of King Henry V., *Eastcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet:—"*Hen. V.* You know the old tavern in Eastcheap; there is good wine." Shakspeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily; for the Boar's Head tavern was very near Black friars' playhouse.—*Stowe's Survey.*

2 A *Corinthian* was a *debauchee.*

3 "*To breathe in your watering,*" is "to stop and take breath when you are drinking."

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not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,[1] clapped even now in my hand by an underskinker; [2] one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome;* with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir!

P. Hen. Five years! by'rlady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

[1] It appears from two passages cited by Steevens that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack.

[2] An *under-skinker* is a tapster, an *under-drawer*. *Skink* is *drink, liquor* (from *scenc*, drink, Saxon).

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Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next, I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,[1] crystal-button, nott-pated,[2] agate-ring, puke-stocking,[3] caddis-garter,[4] smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard[5] is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvass doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue. Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the* Drawer *stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

[1] The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by these contemptuous distinctions.

[2] *Nott-pated* is *shorn-pated*, or *cropped*; having the hair cut close.

[3] *Puke-stockings* are *dark-colored stockings*. *Puke* is a color between russet and black. By the receipt for dyeing it, it appears to have been a *dark gray*, or *slate color*.

[4] *Caddis* was probably a kind of *ferret* or *worsted lace*. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis*, in France. In Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, we are told of "footmen in *caddis*." *Garters*, being formerly worn in sight, were often of rich materials; to wear a coarse, cheap sort was, therefore, reproachful.

[5] A kind of sweet Spanish wine, of which there were two sorts, brown and white. Baret says that "*bastarde* is *muscadel, sweete wine*, mulsum." *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olaus Magnus.

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Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRAN.] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye—what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humors, that have showed themselves humors, since the old days of good man Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* FRANCIS, *with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer, his wife. *Rivo*,[1] says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

[1] Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered.

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Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew netherstocks,[1] and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun![2] If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime[3] in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! A bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing.[4] A plague of all cowards, I say still.

1 Stockings.

2 "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?" alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, *melting* with the motion, like butter with the heat of the sun. "*Pitiful-hearted*" is used in the sense which Cotgrave gives to "*misericordieux*, merciful, *pitiful, compassionate, tender.*" Theobald reads "pitiful-hearted *butter*," which is countenanced by none of the old copies, but affords a clear sense. Malone and Steevens have each given a reading, founded upon the quarto of 1598, which has "—— at the sweet tale of the *sonnes:*" but they differ in their explanations of the passage. Bishop Earle, in his Microcosmography, giving the character of a pot poet, says, "His frequentest works go out in single sheets, and are chaunted from market to market to a vile tune and a worse throat; whilst the poor country wench *melts like butter* to hear them."

3 Eliot, in his Orthoepia, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says, "The vintners of London put in lime; thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the goutes."

4 This is the reading of the first quarto, 1598. The folio reads, "I could sing all manner of songs." The passage was probably altered to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. cxxi. Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in the Twelfth Night. The Protestants who fled from the persecutions of the duke of Alva, were mostly *weavers;* and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody.

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P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,[1] and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. —Give me a cup of sack;—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through;[2] my sword hacked like a handsaw—*ecce*

[1] A *dagger of lath* is the weapon given to the Vice in the Old Moralities.

[2] It appears from the old comedy of The Two Angry Women of Abingdon (1599), that this method of defence and fight was then going out of fashion:—"I see by this dearth of good swords that *sword-and-buckler fight* begins to grow out."

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signum. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

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P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,——

Poins. Down fell their hose.[1]

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal[2] green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,[3]——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason. What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado,[4] or all the racks in the world, I would not

[1] The same jest has already occurred in Twelfth Night, Act i. Sc. 5.

[2] *Kendal green* was the livery of Robert earl of Huntingdon, and his followers, when in a state of outlawry, under the name of Robin Hood and his men. The color took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture. *Green* still continues the color of woodmen and gamekeepers.

[3] A *keech* is a round lump of fat, rolled up by the butcher in order to be carried to the chandler. The old editions read *catch*.

[4] The *strappado* was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says that they were suddenly let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms, but shook all the joints out of joint.

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tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,[1] you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—You tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.——Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house;—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and

[1] It has been proposed to read *eel-skin*, with great plausibility. Shakspeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body *slender* and *lean*, and his bones small," &c.

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thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.——Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,——

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you. He says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,[1] and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? —Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. 'Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too; you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince, no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now, in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

[1] This is a kind of a joke upon *noble* and *royal*, two coins, one of the value of 6*s.* 8*d.*, the other 10*s.*

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Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,[1] and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away. What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.[2]

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast?[3] How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.[4] A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon[5] the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true

[1] i. e. *taken in the fact.*

[2] i. e. drunkenness and poverty.

[3] i. e. "my sweet, *stuffed* creature." *Bombast* is *cotton.* Gerard calls the cotton-plant the *bombast*-tree. It is here used for the *stuffing of clothes.*

[4] The custom of wearing a ring upon the thumb is very ancient. The rider of the brazen horse in Chaucer's Squiers Tale:—

"——— upon his *thombe* he had a ring of gold."

[5] A demon, who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

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liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook [1]—what, a plague, call you him?——

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol [2] kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps [3] more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we should buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

[1] The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging-bill, made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert.

[2] Pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakspeare's time.

[3] *Scotsmen*, on account of their blue bonnets.

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Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state,[1] this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses'[2] vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.[3]

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.[4]

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the chamomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the

1 A *state* is a chair with a canopy over it.

2 The banter is here upon the play called A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia, by Thomas Preston [1570]. There is a marginal direction in this play, "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep," which is probably alluded to, though the measure in the parody is not the same with that of the original.

3 i. e. *my obeisance.*

4 Thus in Cambyses:—

"*Queen.* These words to hear makes stilling tears issue from chrystall eyes."

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sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point.—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,[1] and eat blackberries? A question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? A question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore. And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit, by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-sucker,[2] or a poulter's hare.

[1] A *micher* here signifies a *truant*. So in an old phrase book, Hormanni Vulgaria, 1509:—"He is a *mychar*; vagus est non discolus." To *mich* was to skulk, to hide; and hence the word sometimes also signified *a skulking thief*, and sometimes *a miser*.

[2] A young rabbit.

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P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand;—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swear'st thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch[1] of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard[2] of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree[3] ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you.[4] Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villanous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it; but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God

1 The machine which separates flour from bran.

2 A *bombard* was a very large leathern vessel to hold drink; perhaps so called from its similarity to a sort of cannon of the same name.

3 Manningtree, in Essex, formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. It appears from other intimations that there were great festivities there, and much good eating at Whitsun ales, &c.

4 i. e. go no faster than I can follow.

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help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily.*

Host. O Jesu, my lord! my lord!——

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter; if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;[1]—the

[1] When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had

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rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* Prince *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath followed certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross, fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employed him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal;
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so; if he have robbed these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.[1] Go call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

[1] St. Paul's cathedral.

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P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath! Search his pockets. [POINS *searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce, 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5*s.* 8*d.*[1]
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a mark of twelve score.[2] The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[1] In a very curious letter from Thomas Rainolds, vice-chancellor of Oxford, in 1566, to cardinal Pole, among the Conway Papers, he entreats the suppression of some of the wine taverns in Oxford, and states, as one of his reasons, that "they sell Gascony wine at 16*d.* a gallon, *sacke* at 2*s.* 4*d.* per gallon, and Malvoisie at 2*s.* 6*d.* to the utter ruin of the poor students." In Florio's First Frutes, 1578:—"Claret wine, red and white, is sold for fivepence the quarte, and *sacke* for sixpence; muscadel and malmsey for eight." Twenty years afterwards, sack had probably risen to eightpence or eightpence halfpenny a quart, which would make the computation of five shillings and eightpence for two gallons correct. To the note on *sack*, at p. 463, we may add that *sack* is called *Vinum Hispanicum* by Coles, and *Vin d'Espagne* by Sherwood. In Florio's Second Frutes it is *Vino de Spagna.*

[2] A *score*, in the language of Toxopholites, was *twenty yards.* A mark of *twelve score*, meant a mark at a distance of *two hundred and forty yards.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. *A Room in the* Archdeacon's *House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[1] full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—
And, uncle Worcester.—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;[2] and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth,
Shaked like a coward.
Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kittened, though yourself had ne'er been born.
Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

[1] *Induction* is used by Shakspeare for *commencement, beginning.* The introductory part of a play or poem was called the *induction.*
[2] *Cressets* were open lamps, exhibited on a beacon, carried upon a pole, or otherwise suspended.

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Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame[1] earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipped in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.—
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

[1] *Beldame*, and *belsire*, formerly signified *grandmother* and *grandfather*

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And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottomed Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map. Shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,[1]
By south and east, is to my part assigned.
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—
Within that space [*To* GLEND.] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

[1] i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map).

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For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety,[1] north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me cranking[2] in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle[3] out.
I'll have the current in this place dammed up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly.
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must; you see, it doth.
Mort. Yea,
But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it altered.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was trained up in the English court;[4]

[1] A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts.

[2] To *crank* is to crook, to turn in and out. *Crankling* is used by Drayton in the same sense: speaking of a river, he says that Meander

"Hath not so many turns and *crankling* nooks as she."

[3] A *cantle* is a *portion*, a *part*, a *corner* or *fragment* of any thing.

[4] Owen Glendower's real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan. He took the name of Glendower from the lordship of which he was the owner.

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Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;[1]
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
I had rather hear a brazen canstick[2] turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turned.
Hot. I do not care. I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night.
I'll in and haste the writer,[3] and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose; sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp[4] and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,

1 This disputed passage seems to mean that he gave to the language the helpful ornament of *verse*. Hotspur's answer shows that he took it in that sense.

2 A very common contraction of *candlestick*. The noise to which Hotspur alludes is mentioned in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1636:—

"As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
Where they *turn brazen candlesticks*."

3 i. e. the writer of the articles. The old copy reads, "I'll haste the writer, &c." The two necessary words (*in and*) were suggested by Steevens.

4 The *moldwarp* is the *mole*; Anglo Saxon, *molde* and *weorpan*; because it warps or renders the surface of the earth uneven by its hillocks.

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A clip-winged griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys. I cried, *Humph*,—and *Well*,—
Go to,—
But marked him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house.—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments;[1] valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humor; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;[2]
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion,[3] and disdain;

[1] Skilled in wonderful secrets.

[2] Shakspeare has several compounds in which the first adjective has the power of an adverb. In King Richard III. we meet with *childish*-foolish, *senseless*-obstinate, and *mortal*-staring.

[3] i. e. self-opinion or conceit.

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The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schooled; good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the* Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct[1] speedily.

[GLEND. *speaks to his daughter in* Welsh, *and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish, self-willed harlotry,[2]
One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[LADY M. *speaks to* MORTIMER *in* Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,[3]
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[LADY M. *speaks.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,

[1] Guard, escort.

[2] Capulet, in Romeo and Juliet, reproaches his daughter in the same words:—

"*A peevish, self-willed harlotry* it is."

[3] Mr. Douce has remarked, that *her eyes swollen with tears* are meant, whose language he is too perfect in, and could answer with the like if it were not for shame.

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Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.[1]

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[LADY M. *speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,[2]
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing;
By that time will our book,[3] I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down. Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[GLENDOWER *speaks some* Welsh *words, and then the music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

[1] *Divisions*, which were then uncommon in vocal music, are *variations of melody upon some given fundamental harmony.*

[2] It has been already remarked, that it was long the custom in this country to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.

[3] It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *book* in ancient times. such as patents, grants, articles, covenants.

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Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach,[1] howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.[2]

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A* Welsh *song sung by* LADY M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! *Not you, in good sooth;* and, *As true as I live;* and, *As God shall mend me;* and, *As sure as day:*

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st farther than Finsbury.[3]
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in sooth*,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet guards,[4] and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.[5] An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

1 Hound.

2 That this is spoken ironically is obvious.

3 *Finsbury*, being then open walks and fields, was the common resort of the citizens.

4 *Velvet guards* or *trimmings of velvet*, being the city fashion, the term was used metaphorically.

5 The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."

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By this our book's drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, Prince *of* Wales, *and* Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference. But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service[1] I have done,
That in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,[2]
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matched withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,[3]

[1] *Service*, for *action*.
[2] *Unworthy undertakings*.
[3] The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure. Johnson thus explains it:—"Let me beg so much extenuation, that *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some which are true.*" *Reproof* means *disproof*.

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As, in reproof of many tales devised,--
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandered and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,[1]
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruined; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,[2]
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at;
That men would tell their children,—*This is he;*
Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,[3]
And dressed myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.

1 This appears to be an anachronism. The prince's removal from council, in consequence of his striking the lord chief justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). His brother the duke of Clarence was appointed president in his room, and he was not created a duke till 1411.

2 True to him that had then possession of the crown.

3 i. e. "I exhibited an affability rarely found among men," won, as it were, from heaven.

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Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wondered at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin[1] wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burned; carded[2] his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping[3] fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative;[4]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity;
That being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sunlike majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,

[1] *Bavins* are brushwood, or small fagots used for lighting fires.
[2] To *card* is to mix, or debase by mixing.
[3] The quarto, 1598, reads *capring*. The quarto, 1599, and subsequent old copies, read *carping*. "A carping momus," and "a carping fool," were very common expressions in that age.
[4] i. e. every beardless, vain young fellow who affected wit, or was *a dealer in comparisons*.

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Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg,
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,[1]
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor color like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honor hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate[2] against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

1 "Interest *to* the state." We should now write *in* the state; but this was the phraseology of the Poet's time.

2 To *capitulate*, according to the old dictionaries, formerly signified *to make articles of agreement*.

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Thou that art like enough—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them, that have so much swayed
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favors[1] in a bloody mask,
Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honor sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here;
The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;[2]
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

[1] *Favors* is probably here used for *colors*; the *scarf* by which a knight of rank was distinguished.
[2] Bonds.

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K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.—
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland[1] hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a state.
K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement[2] is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Eastcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head *Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle?

1 There was no *lord Mortimer of Scotland;* but there was a lord March of Scotland (George Dunbar), who, having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself warmly to the English. He fought on the side of king Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury. The Poet recollected that there was a Scottish lord on the king's side, who bore the same title with the English family on the rebels' side (one being *earl of March* in England, the other *earl of March* in Scotland), but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* instead of *March.*

2 Intelligence.

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Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose-gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;[1] I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse:[2] The inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it;—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral; thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee. Thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the

[1] *Liking* is *condition, plight of body.*

[2] That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse* may be collected from a conundrum in The Devil's Cabinet Opened:—"What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse*?—Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly."

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night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap,[1] at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee; I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John. I know you, sir John; you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas; I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight

[1] Our ancestors not only used *good cheap*, but *better cheap*, in the sense in which we now use *cheap* and *cheaper*. Tooke thinks that *bad cheap* was also used, but has adduced no example.

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shillings an ell.[1] You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker[2] of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grand father's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the* Prince, *playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked. This house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

[1] *Eight shillings an ell,* for holland linen, appears a high price for the time; but hear Stubbes in his Anatomie of Abuses:—"In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillinges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (which is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worn of any doest cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarsely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

[2] *Younker* is here used for a novice, a dupe.

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P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pound apiece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so. And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox;[1] and for womanhood, maid Marian[2] may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it. I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? Why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

[1] *A drawn fox* is a *hunted fox*, a fox *drawn* from his cover.

[2] One of the characters in the ancient morris dance, generally a man dressed like a woman, sometimes a strumpet; and therefore forms an allusion to describe women of a masculine character. A curious tract entitled, "Old Meg of Herefordshire for a *Mayd Marian*, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance, 1609," was reprinted by Mr. Triphook in 1816.

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P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? A million; thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed [1] rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.——You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants,

[1] Swollen, puffy, blown up.

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cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest, I am pacified.—Still? —Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit* Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court. For the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee.—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph——

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,—my brother John;—this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. ——Jack, meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall at two o'clock i' the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money, and order for their furniture.[1]

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* Prince, POINS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Rare words! Brave world!——Hostess, my breakfast; come.—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

1 We have followed Mr. Douce's suggestion in printing thus much of this speech in prose. No correct ear will ever receive it as blank verse, notwithstanding the efforts to convert it into metre.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel Camp near* Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy[1]
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honor.
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger, *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father,—
Hot. Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.[2]
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feared by his physician.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,

[1] Disdain.
[2] The folio reads, "not I his mind;" the quarto, 1598, "not I my mind." The emendation is Capell's.

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Ere he by sickness had been visited.
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.——
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed,[1] but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us.
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possessed
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off;—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where[2] now remains a sweet reversion;
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in.
A comfort of retirement[3] lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.

1 That is, on any *less near* to himself, or whose interest is *remote.*
2 *Where*, for *whereas.*
3 i. e. "a support to which we may have recourse."

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The quality and hair[1] of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For, well you know, we of the offering[2] side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head,
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think. There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term[3] of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. 'Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm. What more?

Ver. And further, I have learned,

[1] *Hair* was anciently used, metaphorically, for the *color*, *complexion*, or *nature* of a thing.
[2] The *assailing* side.
[3] The folio reads "*dream* of fear."

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The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed,[1] mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnished, all in arms,
All plumed: like estridges that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bathed;[2]
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver[3] on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,—
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,

[1] It is recorded of the prince, that "he was passing swift in running."
[2] This is the reading of all the old copies, which Hanmer altered to—

"All plumed like estridges, *and* with the wind
Bating like eagles," &c.

Johnson changed it thus:—

"All plumed like estridges, that *wing* the wind;
Bated like eagles," &c.

This reading had been adopted by Malone and Steevens. But if a clear sense can be deduced from the passage as it stands, no conjectural alteration of the text should be admitted. The meaning may be this:—"The prince and his comrades were all furnished, all in arms, all plumed: like estridges (ostriches) that bated (i. e. flutter or beat) the wind *with their wings;* like eagles having lately bathed." *Bating*, or to *bate*, in falconry, is the unquiet fluttering of a hawk—*to beat the wing* (*batter l'ale*, Ital.). All birds *bate*, i. e. flutter, beat, or flap their wings to dry their feathers after bathing; and the mode in which the ostrich uses its wings, to assist itself in running with the wind, is of this character; it is a fluttering or a flapping, not a flight. *Bated* refers both to the flapping of the plumes, and of the wings of the ostrich; the plumage of that bird is displayed to more advantage when its wings are in motion, than when at rest; and hence the propriety of representing the feathers of the helmets flouting the air to the plumage of the ostrich when its wings were in motion, or when it "bated the air, like eagles lately bathed."

[3] The *beaver* of a helmet was a movable piece, which lifted up or down to enable the wearer to drink or take breath more freely. It is frequently, though improperly, used to express *the helmet* itself.

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To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me take[1] my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O that Glendower were come!
Ver. There is more news.
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us make a muster speedily;
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] The quartos of 1598 and 1599 read *taste.*

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SCENE II. *A Public Road near* Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant, Peto, meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.[1] I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,[2] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded, unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient:[3] and such have I, to fill up

1 The *gurnet*, or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind.

2 "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts*."—*Moryson's Itin.* 1617.

3 "An old *faced ancient*" is an old *patched standard*.

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the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gives on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry.[1] But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

[1] Daventry.

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West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that; and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Rebel Camp near* Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain; ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives.[1]—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

[1] The old copies read, "that *this day* lives;" but the words, as Mason observes, weaken the sense and destroy the measure.

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Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of such great leading,[1]
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition. Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours is full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours.
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and 'would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deserving, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

[1] *Leading* is experience in the *conduct of armies*. The old copies have, "such leading *as you are;*" but the superfluous words serve only to destroy the metre.

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Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor, unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery,[1] and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and performed it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less[2] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages; followed him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently—as greatness knows itself—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;

[1] That is, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands. This law term has been already explained.
[2] The greater and the less.

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Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favorites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And, in the neck of that,[1] tasked the whole state.
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king) to be engaged[2] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgraced me in my happy victories;
Sought to intrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismissed my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawned
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

[1] So in Painter's Palace of Pleasure: "Great mischiefes succedyng *one in another's necke.*" *Tasked* is here used for *taxed;* it was common to use these words indiscriminately, says Steevens. *Taskes* were tributes or subsidies, and should not be confounded with *taxes,* which are carefully distinguished by Baret. He interprets "*telonium,* the place where *taskes* or *tributes* are paied." Philips, in his World of Words, says, "*Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute,* from whence haply cometh our word *task,* which is a duty or labour *imposed* upon any one."

[2] The old copies read *engaged,* which Theobald altered to *incaged:* to be engaged is to be pledged as a hostage.

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Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And, may be, so we shall.
Blunt. 'Pray Heaven, you do!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in the* Archbishop's *House.*

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *and a* Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord mareshal;[1]
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch. For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry; and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew too,[2]
And comes not in, o'erruled by prophecies,)—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear; there's Douglas,
And lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer's not there
Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

[1] Thomas lord Mowbray. [2] A strength on which we reckoned.

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Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy.—
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* King's *Camp near* Shrewsbury.

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN *of* Lancaster, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky[1] hill! The day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

1 "I do not know (says Mr. Blakeway) whether Shakspeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmound hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill." Milton writes the word, perhaps more properly, *bosky*; it is from the French *boscageux*, woody.

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K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege;
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! How comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet,[1] peace.

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favor from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,—

[1] In an old cookery book, printed in 1596, I find a receipt for making *chewets*, which, from their ingredients, seem to have been *fat, greasy puddings.—Steevens.*

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And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rained down fortune showering on your head:
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,[1]
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed[2] by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,[3]
Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color, that may please the eye

1 "The Titling, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another bird:—and this she doth so long, untill the young cuckow being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat up her that hatched her."—*Pliny's Nat. Hist. by Holland*, b. x. ch. 9.

2 i. e. we stand in opposition to you.

3 The quartos read *articulate*. To *articulate* is to set down in *articles*.

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Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water colors, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving[1] for a time
Of pellmell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,[2]
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do.—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,

[1] i. e. anxiously expecting a time.
[2] Mason suggests that we should read, "*Know*, good Worcester, know," &c.

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And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them.
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, *and* PRINCE JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,[1] so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is in that word, honor? What is that honor? Air. A trim reckoning! —Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it.— Therefore I'll none of it; honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

[1] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this *act of friendship* for his brother the duke of Gloucester.

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SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal, kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best, he did.
Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;[1]
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished, and locked up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherished, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brained Hotspur, governed by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

[1] The folio reads thus:—"*Supposition*, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes."

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Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; *and* Officers *and* Soldiers, *behind.*

Hot. My uncle is returned.—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.[1]—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The prince of Wales stepped forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How showed his tasking?[2] Seemed it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;

[1] Westmoreland was impawned as a surety for the safe return of Worcester.

[2] *Tasking* as well as *taxing* was used for *reproof.* We still say, "He took him to *task.*"

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Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered[1] there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe[2] so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamored
Upon his follies. Never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild at liberty:[3]
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.——
Arm, arm, with speed;—and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

[1] That is, *was master of.* [2] Own.
[3] *So wild at liberty* may mean so wild and licentious, or loose in his conduct. Dr. Johnson's version is—"any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman."

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Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plain near* Shrewsbury. *Excursions and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then*

Enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? What honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;[1]
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.
[*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

[1] The folio reads:—
"I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot."

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Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O, Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed upon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was; his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnished like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither[1] it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats.
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honor for you. Here's no vanity![2]—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me hy sword;

1 *Whither* for *whithersoever*. Thus Baret, "*Whether*, or *to what place you will*. Quovis." *Any-whether* also signified to *any place*.
2 "Here's *no* vanity:" the negative is here used, ironically, to designate the excess of a thing.

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Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged. Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory [1] never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy; I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The* Prince *draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado [2] of me. I like not such grinning honor as sir Walter hath. Give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field. Alarums; Excursions.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.[3]—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

[1] "*Turk* Gregory" means Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain.

[2] A rasher or collop of meat cut crosswise for the gridiron.

[3] History says that the prince was wounded in the face by an arrow.

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P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
K. Hen. I will do so.
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help;
And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stained nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt* P. JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.
P. Hen. By Heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.[1]
P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads;
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,

1 "— the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and *kept him at the sword's point*, without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged."—*Holinshed*, p. 759.

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So many of his snadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king.
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the* King *being in danger, enter* PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[*They fight;* DOUGLAS *flies.*

Cheerly, my lord. How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while.—
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion;
And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O Heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearkened for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labor of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton; I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit* KING HENRY.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

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Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy.
To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and 'would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*[1]

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:——
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.[2] O, I could prophesy,

1 Shakspeare had no authority for making Hotspur fall by the hand of the prince. Holinshed says, "The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says that Percy was killed by an unknown hand.

2 Hotspur, in his last moments, endeavors to console himself. The

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But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favors[1] hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy ignomy[2] sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph!—
[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Embowelled[3] will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood, by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder[4] me,

glory of the prince wounds his thoughts, but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the fool and sport of *time*; of time which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last be stopped.—*Johnson.*

[1] His *scarf*, with which he covers Percy's face.

[2] Thus the folio. The quartos read *ignominy*.

[3] To *embowel* was the old term for *embalming* the body, as was usually done by those of persons of rank.

[4] Salt.

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and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him,*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding,
On the ground.——
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy; [*throwing the body down;*] if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

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